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METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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J. W. Bashford

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1920

JAMES WHITFORD BASHFORD: MISSIONARY¹

It was on the afternoon of June 18, 1919, that Bishop Bashford was laid to rest at Delaware, Ohio. Standing at the open grave his old friend Bishop McDowell started to sing

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,

and those who could joined in and continued through the stanzas to the end. It seemed such a natural thing to do. Here was a man who had lived the deathless life as long as anyone could remember, and no one could think of him anywhere except as in the "City of Light." Looking back over his earlier years he makes this entry in his journal: "I did not comprehend the phrase, 'For to me to live is Christ.' I have never yet comprehended it, but it grows upon me in significance year by year." It was life, more abundant life, which filled the mind and characterized the outlook of Bishop Bashford, and no incident such as sickness or sorrow or even death itself could be thought of as interrupting the steady flow of life, whether in time or eternity.

In this same town of Delaware, Ohio, where Bishop Bash-

¹ James Whitford Bashford was born at Fayette, Wisconsin, May 29, 1840, and died at Pasadena, California, March 18, 1919. He was the son of Rev. Samuel and Mary Ann (McKee) Bashford. He received the degree of A.B. from the University of Wisconsin in 1873 and the A.M. in 1876. That same year he was graduated from the Boston University School of Theology with the degree of S.T.B. In 1881 the degree of Ph.D. was conferred upon him by the same institution. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Northwestern University in 1890, LL.D. by Wesleyan University in 1903 and again by the University of Wisconsin in 1912. He was ordained to the ministry in 1878 and was appointed to Jamaica Plain, where he remained until 1890. His other appointments were as follows: Auburndale, 1881-4, Portland, Maine, 1884-7; Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, New York, 1887-9. He was President of Ohio Wesleyan University from 1899 to 1904, in which year he was elected Bishop, and was assigned to China, where he remained until forced to leave a few months before his death. In 1878 Bishop Bashford was married to Miss Jane M. Field, of Madison, Wisconsin, who survives her husband and makes her home in Southern California.

ford lies buried, he had been President of Ohio Wesleyan University from 1889 to 1904, fifteen of the best years of his life. There "Jimmy," as he was familiarly known both by the town's people and the college community, was loved as a big brother and friend. He came out of the pastorate, having been called to the presidency from the Delaware Avenue Church, in Buffalo, New York, but this change did not make any fundamental difference in his plans and methods. The reason is not far to seek. His passion was to make strong men and women, and this could only be done in one way, whether in the pastorate or as president of a college. They must be brought into vital touch with the living Christ, and to this end he devoted his time and energy. He believed in definite decisions and in the possibility of genuine and conscious conversion, which would alter the whole course of a man's life and make him a servant of Christ and his fellow men. To this end each year a series of special services would be held, under his own direction, and literally thousands of former students are able to look back to these periods as making an era in their lives. They were wholesome, glad meetings when the presence of the Spirit was expected and prayer became a reality to the indifferent and the sinful as they came to the Saviour and received the gift of a new outlook and purpose in life. His own conversion had occurred during his student days, and came only after a hard struggle with an ambition which he knew he must lay aside should he give himself to Christ. These experiences gave him a sympathetic understanding of the student mind, and he was able to speak to young men and women with a directness and earnestness which were difficult to resist. It would be interesting could the roll be called of all who passed through Ohio Wesleyan in those days, and whose lives now testify to the unselfish example and devotion to Christ and his cause which were exhibited to them by "Prexy" Bashford.

But this did not prevent the most careful attention to the multitudinous details of the president's office. He saw things in the large and made far-reaching plans for the future of the university. Financially he was successful in turning large sums to Delaware, and the monuments to his vision and ability are

among the chief adornments of the town and its great institution. As the presiding officer of the faculty a president is called upon to display as much of the qualities of fairmindedness, patience, and firmness as in any position in the land. The secret of the success of Bishop Bashford in these relations was utter sincerity and a constant willingness to hold his own judgment in abeyance. This was not because he had no well-considered judgment of his own, but because he had such trust in the good faith and ability of other men that he was willing to revise his own conclusions in the light of new information and the convictions of others. There was no stubbornness about him, nor pride of opinion. His eager passion was that the best might be done even though it might be through acceptance of the views of others. Once a month Bishop Bashford gave a lecture, or sermon-address, before the college and townspeople in the chapel on Sunday afternoon. It was an event, with expectant people crowding the splendid auditorium. They knew they would hear from Bashford the best he had, not an old sermon drawn from the depths of the homiletical barrel, but a vigorous and fresh presentation of some burning theme of living interest, coming red hot from the mind and heart of a man who had been laboring over the questions involved as personal problems for weeks, it might have been months. He would hammer against all kinds of evil, he would deal with some problems of philosophy or science, but more than any of these his mind would turn to the theme of the Christian life as a living experience of the soul in touch with Christ Himself. He was an expert, a specialist in personal religion. It is difficult to associate with Bashford, even through his writings, without catching the Methodistic note very soon and then hearing it sound through all his life and work as dominant and ever-present in his mind. He knew John Wesley through and through and believed that in him God had been able to do more mighty deeds than through any other man since the apostolic age. He had caught his spirit and believed it was the privilege of every converted man to go farther and receive the sanctifying grace which consumes a man completely and directs all his thoughts and plans and work.

Too much cannot be made of this deep consciousness of the presence of the Spirit of God in his life. Years after leaving Ohio Wesleyan he would come back almost unheralded for a day in the town just to be with his old colleagues again. And nothing would delight him more than to get a number of kindred spirits off for an hour or so and bring up the question of personal religious experience and its possibilities. Reading his China journal reveals the same fact, that as a haunting and alluring star Christ-likeness was constantly beckoning him on to greater devotion and deeper purity of motive and imagination. We hear some men talk about overcoming sin and it does not make a deep impression. It may be partly because of a lack of the genuine ring or it may be simply because we have a consciousness that that man does not feel what we have felt and does not know the force of what we are contending with. But with Bashford we are hushed into silence, because here is a soul as sincere and open as the noonday and as genuine as the very sunlight itself. One of the convictions which come stealing over one as he reads the journal and is amazed at the freedom and frankness with which every kind of question is dealt with, both private and public, is that this man had nothing to hide, nothing he could not display in the most open manner with no shame or hesitation. His very face was an indication of the transparency of his soul. Playfully he was told by Dr. Raymond in the days just after his theological course at Boston that he simply had to be good so as not to belie his face. Time and again does he revert to the possibilities of grace in the soul of man. Here is a note after he had been reading the twenty-ninth chapter of 1 Chronicles: "The Lord will more than make good his blessings to the faith which he inspires to claim them. The secret of sanctification is keeping God forever in the imagination of the thoughts of the heart." Of few men of our generation could it be said that every thought had been brought into captivity to Christ as it could of Bishop Bashford.

In a period when conservatism marked the Methodism of Ohio far more deeply than to-day the coming of the new president to Ohio Wesleyan was a great boon. So devout, so biblical, and so

Methodistic that no one could doubt that in President Bashford they had a leader into all the deep things of the religious life, this new man combined with this a freedom and a freshness of view which was truly remarkable. He came to the university with his mind made up on the great questions which were then uppermost in the minds of the preachers. He had met the "higher criticism" and knew it, so it had lost its terrors for him. He had made himself master of the inner meaning of evolution and was able to accept its main contention and use it in the furtherance of his most cherished plans for the extension of the kingdom of God. He helped to balance many a man who thought that to be true to the scriptures he must repudiate every suggestion of the higher critical taint. There was real trouble in those days and the professor of zoology came to the president for advice in view of the criticisms which certain preachers felt it their duty to offer of the teaching of zoology from the standpoint of evolutionary development. President Bashford heard the whole matter through and then, with a display of worldly wisdom and psychological insight which never failed him, advised that the professor proceed as he had been doing with no changes in his teaching, only he might find it better in dealing with certain things not to give them names. He knew perfectly well that most of the objections came from men who were afraid of names—the thing itself was perfectly reasonable, but the name carried with it certain irrelevant connotations which until the air had cleared, might better not be suggested. This was not dishonesty, but good pedagogy. Bishop Bashford never hesitated to state his own views clearly and fully and with no fear of consequences whenever there was occasion for plain talking.

This fearless espousal of causes which had won his allegiance can be traced far back to the beginnings of his career. In 1878, when he was admitted into the New England Conference and ordained into the Methodist ministry, his theological position was thought by some to be unsound. There were those who were afraid of "this young man who did his own thinking," but fortunately they did not prevail and young Bashford was appointed to Jamaica Plain, where he remained until 1880. This church

had recommended a certain young woman to the Conference for ordination. Bishop Andrews refused to put the question to the Conference on the ground that the ordination of women was not contemplated by the Discipline. This action caused a reference of the whole question to the General Conference of 1880. In view of the fact that it was the church of which he was the pastor, and also because he had come to clear convictions himself on the question, the young minister preached an illuminating and vigorous sermon advocating the ordination of women and the abolition of all ecclesiastical distinctions between men and women. It makes excellent reading even at this day. The argument may be summed up in one of the conclusions reached, where, in speaking of the church, he says: "All we ask is that she shall not, by artificial barriers, thwart the action of this natural law in the case of women." We are still in practice far behind the vision of this gifted seer.

One of the deep convictions of Bishop Bashford was that the position should seek the man and not the man the position. Especially did he feel this with reference to the church. True he wanted during the early days of his pastorate to be editor of *Zion's Herald*, and had for many years the desire to be a teacher, but no one ever suggested that Bashford set his lines with any position in view. He seemed always to feel that the work in which he found himself at any time was in the order of Providence and consequently was the biggest place for him in all the world. This accounts for the enthusiasm with which he threw himself into any undertaking—it was not his work but God's, and demanded all he could give. It was in each case an identification of himself with his task. He looked back with no regrets and he had no time to peer into the future looking for new openings and larger opportunities. He was where God wanted him to be and that settled the matter with him and gave him peace. He was sorely troubled because on every side he saw men with the ambition of position and making use of our ecclesiastical machinery to further their selfish purposes. He delivered an address before the New York Methodist Social Union in the spring of 1900 on "Office Seeking in Methodism." Only a sincere man

with no irons in the fire himself could face such a question so frankly. He might have turned away in disgust—that would be the immediate reaction of so sensitive a soul as his—but there was in Bishop Bashford so deep a love of his church and such unquenchable confidence in the essential soundness of the body of its membership that, following the diagnosis, he carefully shows the way to a better day when men shall see the kingdom first and make its extension the passion of their lives. Speaking of “combinations,” he says: “Technically such combinations are not regarded as bribery in either state or church, but I do not think the Lord, on the day of judgment, will discriminate between combinations to divide the offices and combinations to divide the spoils of office.” But, and here his abounding optimism comes into play, “Let me assure you on the other side that our *men* are vastly better than our *system*.” He is so solicitous of the church as it faces the new century, that it may be equal to its unparalleled opportunity, that he feels we must apply vigorous surgery to excise all that would impede the progress which lies just ahead. “In view of the glorious possibilities before our church upon the one hand and the dangerous symptoms manifesting themselves on the other ought we not to doom any man who favors, or encourages, or tolerates a coterie of followers working for his personal advancement?” Strong words these, but faithful words from our Methodist Greatheart, who devoted his all that his church might be honored in the performance of its gigantic task.

The hands which penned those burning words were always busy. Increasing in volume toward the end of his busy life pamphlets and articles and sermons, booklets and substantial volumes betoken an ever-active mind, intent on putting down for others the gleanings of wide reading and the conclusions of the most thoroughgoing thinking. There are books and books—those of Bishop Bashford belong to the class which grow out of long and profound study and unlimited research. This is most notable in the two major volumes which came from his pen. The very last is dated 1918, and yet we are told in the preface of “The Oregon Missions” that the book was really begun when he became

interested in the subject between 1881 and 1884. The sub-title of the volume, "The Story of How the Line was Run Between Canada and the United States," indicated that it is much more than a "missionary" book. It soon reveals one of the master thoughts of the future bishop of China, the significance of the Pacific basin. The Pacific was to play a part in the history of the coming decades like that played by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic in ancient history and in the age of European expansion. He saw this many years ago and sought by reading and study to be prepared for the new era into which we should be ushered when the Far East began to come into its own. He saw the part the Pacific coast of our own continent must play in these new relationships and spared no pains to understand the history and meaning of the Far West in American civilization. This led him to his studies of the Oregon country and its development. There was no narrow, selfish Americanism in his devotion to this phase of American history. It was related vitally to the new era of the Pacific, where mighty empires were to contend and where the eyes of the world would be centered in the years to come. He saw things in this broad perspective and gave to the literature of American history a volume worthy to take its place among the relatively few authoritative books on special phases of development. That with all the administrative work which filled his hours he should have had the will to pursue these technical studies through a quarter of a century is sure evidence that in Bishop Bashford we are dealing with one of the rare souls who see their way clearly through the years and are able to achieve worthy results against odds which would baffle all but the most hardy.

President Bashford was elected a general superintendent at the General Conference of 1904, held at Los Angeles. He chose to go to China—to the surprise of many of his friends. But they should not have been surprised. This was the task for which he was being trained during all the years. Bishop Bashford was always a missionary—he had desired to go to China when a young man, but that plan had been frustrated. And now at the age of fifty-five, in the full vigor of manhood, with all the experience

gained from an extensive administrative discipline at home, he is sent to do what he had been preparing to do all his life. One of the best authorities on China said that Bishop Bashford came to China more intelligently equipped for his duties than any other man who had come to the Far East. He seemed to be at home from the first. His notebooks are filled with the jottings of one who knows the meaning of what he sees. He does not look with the wonder of surprise, but with the appreciation of true insight. At once he was the Bishop of China, taking hold with a firm hand and not making the mistakes of a neophyte. For many years he had been reading the great books on world problems, particularly as they bore on the newly opened world of eastern Asia. These studies, augmented by direct observation and further reading and investigation on the field, enabled this comparatively new resident of the Far East to produce one of the really great books on China. He called it "China: An Interpretation." It may be read through with delight, but the real worth of the volume becomes apparent only on closer acquaintance, when recourse has been had time after time to these full and accurate studies. He was from the first a great missionary; he could now be looked upon as one of the great authorities on things Chinese.

Bishop Bashford's soul became absorbed in China and the Chinese. He would not have exchanged his position for any other in the world. He felt that the task of the reorganization of the civilization of China and the reconstruction of its religious life was the most significant opportunity in the world.

In an address to the students of Nanking University in 1912 he congratulated them upon the uniqueness and vastness of their responsibility, unlike anything which any country could present in this era of the world's history. In order to make his largest contribution to the accomplishment of so great a task Bishop Bashford gave himself unreservedly to an understanding of the problems which were involved. So successfully did he accomplish this aim that it was not long before recognition was forthcoming both in China and abroad. His counsel was sought by men in high office, men who were in confusion in the turmoil into which the Revolution of 1911 had thrown the country. They felt sure they

had a sympathetic friend in him who would never betray confidences and who could be trusted to give an unbiased judgment on the difficult problems facing them. Not only in China but in our country and elsewhere his knowledge was at the disposal of leaders in church and state. The story may never be told of the part played by this Christian statesman, this world citizen, in the tangled relationships of Eastern lands with Western during the last decade. He was an American through and through and never hesitated to declare his devotion to the land of his birth as his first love, but this did not prevent such an identification of his very soul with the Chinese and their aspirations that he was trusted as a father and a friend. They loved him and placed their confidence in him because it was abundantly clear that he shared their hopes and fears and desired only what was good to become the heritage of the people of his adoption.

But with all his wide interests Bishop Bashford was primarily a missionary. In spirit he had always been that—his whole life is an illustration of the passion of Christian expansion. When he reached China he was fully in his element. He traveled to all the fields, holding conferences and doing the hundred and one things which fall to the lot of a superintendent. One of the most difficult is dealing with the personal equation, for if people have their bumps and are crotchety at home, all these appear in an exaggerated form on the mission field. Earnestly and kindly yet firmly Bishop Bashford dealt with these cases. Through them all his kindness and consideration shine out and make difficult places smooth. He believed in the missionaries. "We have not a single missionary in China now who, in my judgment, is lazy, while at least fifty of our number are overworking," is his comment on those whose work he has under his care.

The larger problems of the field and its administration are constantly with him. Being of a distinctly philosophical bent, dissatisfied until he saw things related in a comprehensive whole, the Bishop was ever seeking to interpret the tendencies shown by movements around him. The problems connected with federation and unity of missions and churches on the field are baffling at best and he was constantly exercised to know the wise thing to do.

He had no hard-and-fast theories and was willing that anything might be done if it meant a real advance of the kingdom of God. His imperial mind was guided by the larger, the very widest, interests of the Church of Christ. He was not willing that these ultimate interests should be jeopardized by any expedients which might appear of temporary advantage. This led to his conviction that the ecumenical character of the church should not be lost in any attempt to unite existing denominations and form churches whose boundaries should be coterminous with national frontiers. While in his attitude toward these ultimate forms of church organization he held a position somewhat at variance with others, in actual practice he was at one with every liberally minded worker who was seeking to unite the Christian forces in China. With the utmost heartiness he cooperated in the plans for unity of work in West China and for exchange of church letters between the various denominations. He could count as among his best friends the leaders in many other denominations, and responded freely to the many calls to give his strength and energy to interdenominational and humanitarian interests. Whatever had any relation to the good of China and the Church of Christ commanded his support.

But all these demands upon his time and energy could not dampen the ardor of his intellectual pursuits. On all his journeys his time was spent in incessant reading and writing. Interesting and profitable book-talk fills many pages of his voluminous journal. With the references to "books to be purchased" and books read and commented on, the range and amount of Bishop Bashford's reading are amazing. He read not only because the necessity of being continually fully equipped for his task lay upon him, but because he could not help it. He must live, and for him to live meant intellectual food and stimulus. He shows keen literary discrimination and at times a playful desire to have a little fun at the expense of some writer. No one could admire John Wesley more profoundly than did Bishop Bashford, but he saw his limitations, and this occurs in his booklet, "Wesley and Goethe." Concerning Wesley's writings, "They lack the imaginative and artistic qualities needed to give them rank as literature."

And again: "In Nearer, My God, to Thee, I should change the line, 'Angels to beckon me,' to 'Angels to lead the way.' The image of a host of angels in the vicinity of God *beckoning* a mortal on is slightly funny and grotesque." What must he have thought of the line, "This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise"?

Only occasionally did he dip into lighter literature. "Read Bible and finished Monte Cristo. Dumas not a great novelist—not equal to Scott as a story-teller, with none of the philosophic teaching of George Eliot. Such reading is not profitable and not particularly restful." Books on theology and the Bible, on the history of civilization and world movements, on China, her history, civilization, culture and religious life, occupy his attention. He reads devotional books but mention is made only of those cast in a large mold. He makes a list in one place of certain volumes he would have every young minister read. They include such classics as Goethe's Conversations, Luther's Table Talk, Confucius's Analects, Mencius's Doctrine of the Mean, Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, Augustine's Confessions, Wesley's Journal, and Napoleon's Table Talk and Opinions. By an unerring instinct his mind seemed drawn to great books, so that he wasted little time on the lesser books which have but a few years to live. As busy as the busiest missionary, still he found time for this deepening and expansive process, an object lesson to all those who, without the physical handicaps which were his, seem to find it impossible to compass sufficient reading to keep them in touch with the great movements of their time.

No references in the journal are more significant than those to the reading of the Bible. He was a Bible Christian and took the most evident delight in its pages. Every few days definite references are given and frequently comments follow. He reads all with the deep reverence of one who stands consciously in need of this infilling at the fountain of life. Believing in the God of the Bible as a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, the reading of the scripture leads him into the inner communion and intercession upon which his soul lived. During the last illness in Southern California he would have Mrs. Bashford come in and pray and lead him to the throne of grace. He was a

Christian whose connection with the source of supply was unbroken and continuous.

Bishop Bashford endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No one who has not had the experience of traveling in China can have any idea of the inconveniences and discomforts, not to speak of dangers, to be met with on a week's trip. Traveling on the beautiful boats of the Yangtse is a luxury, and even railroad travel has certain features which remind one of the comforts of travel at home, but get off the beaten tracks and try a houseboat or a chair or a wheelbarrow and stop at filthy Chinese inns and get wet in a penetrating drizzle and be dashed on the rocks of the Yangtse rapids, and one begins to realize that China is not America. He said, "I have wanted to lead such a life as bishop that every preacher in Methodism, on western plains or southern barrens, would feel that he at least had as many comforts as I, and I think I have reached the goal the past week. Am very willing to enjoy the comforts at least of health, if it so please God, for the future." During his whole period in China as well as at home Bishop Bashford was never really well. That agonizing cough was ever with him, indicating dangerous tendencies in the throat and lungs, but he makes little reference in the journal to his suffering. Much harder for him to bear was Mrs. Bashford's weakness. When she is well or seems better he blesses God. But she is not well and cannot accompany him on many of his trips. The tender references to her in time of separation give clear indication of the close union in heart and purpose between these two, whose whole life was one of unselfish and generous giving—of themselves and of as much of their worldly goods as they could possibly do without. He left the world richer because he walked among us and did the bidding of his Master.

Edmund D. Soper

THE REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

THE Germany that was is no more. I chanced—if chance it was—to know it long and well. On crossing its frontier rather early in the year 1856 I found myself promptly taken in charge by the omnipresent police. These worthy guardians not only made sure that I had international authority to enter the country, but also proceeded to take possession of my precious passport, in which my name, nationality, age, business, hair-color, eye-color, and so on were fully set forth and certified under the great seal of the United States. Wherever I stopped at night I was not allowed to retire to rest until the householder, or I, myself, had reported to the chief of the local police and deposited the passport. The first night, in obedience to peremptory thumpings on my door, I had to get out of bed once or twice and be reexamined. Years afterward the well-correlated and well-preserved records of the police offices of the country would have made it perfectly easy to show where I passed each night of the two scholastic years spent in the land on my first visit.

In Berlin, to my surprise, I found that the night watchmen carried a key to the front door of every house on every street of their respective beats. At half past nine every house had to be locked up for the night. If by accident or otherwise any lodger was out after the lockup, he was to shout, "Waechter!" "Waechter!" until the watchman came with his key and let the homeless party in. This had the particular advantage of acquainting, not only the police, but also one's neighbors with one's personal derelictions in this line. For aught I know there may yet exist in the police records of Berlin a clear statement that on a certain night in the year 1857—I did not preserve the date—I was so unfortunate as to have to call and call for the distant and slow-paced watchman to come and let me in at number five Marien Strasse. As you will readily believe, this experience was never repeated.

The regulations defining the occupations of the people in those

days were only slightly and slowly relaxing the somewhat older ordinances and trade-rules according to which the cobbler had to stick to his last in a sense hardly intended by Pliny. For example, the barber had to confine his capillary attentions to the beard. Though permitted to prick a blister, or bleed the arm, or administer a Klystier, he was not allowed to cut a customer's hair. Whoever wished both a haircut and a shave had to go to two different shops and help support two different trades. The glazier had no right to carry along a plane with which to ease an over-tight window-sash; that prerogative belonged exclusively to the carpenter. Conversely the carpenter was forbidden to set a pane of glass for a customer. The maker of wooden washtubs had no right to make for sale a barrel, and so on.

At the date here spoken of there was no Kaiser. The one lately so prominent was not yet born. Neither was his empire. In fact his grandfather Wilhelm was not yet crowned king of Prussia, and that grandfather was several years king of Prussia before his crowning as the first of the parvenu Hohenzollern line of Kaisers. Remembering this, what an antediluvian I seem to myself to be! Even said grandfather Wilhelm's predecessor on the throne of Prussia once "received" me, with certain other favored humans, and gave us a royal lunch in his best palace in Potsdam!

The strict and long-continued entailment of the sovereignty embodied in the reigning families had naturally brought about a most bewildering interlocking of kingdoms and dukedoms and other principalities. Thus in 1856 Prussia, though but a fraction of Germany, included within its own frontiers several so-called "enclaved sovereignties." These—at one time thirteen in number—were sovereign states wholly bounded on every side by Prussia. Then, as each state, little or big, had its own tariff laws, the getting of a trunk, or even a satchel, across the almost countless frontiers, from one side of the country to the opposite, was an enterprise not to be lightly or unadvisedly entered upon.

As to postal facilities, every mail bag was the personal property of a king or prince. In the free city of Bremen, where I resided five years, we had four or five postal services each under a

different government. The letter carrier who brought me letters from the kingdom of Hanover outshone all others in his blazing red coat, but he could not take a letter addressed to Leipzig, all such having to be carried over the king of Prussia's line. Then if I wished to get a missive to a friend in Frankfort, I had to betake myself to the office of Prince Thurn-und-Taxis and pay whatever he was pleased to charge me.

Each of the then existing German kingdoms and principalities, little or big, had also its little or big state church by law established. The Pope, by means of carefully negotiated Concordats, could cross state lines with processions and so on, but all Protestant parishes and their arrangements for preachers were either state-administered or state-repressed. Dissenters fared as badly as in England. In Prussia, after the royally decreed "Union" of 1819, the citizens known as "Old Lutherans" were as harshly dealt with as were later the Methodist preachers from America. The Reformation had made a full end of the old-time papal bishops and the reigning princes were only too ready to take up their revenues and their duties. The latest and last of the Kaisers, with his loud claims of divine authority and with his partnership with the Sultan in the butchery of Christians by the hundred thousand, has shown the world the beauty of the state-church system.

As stated at the beginning of this paper, that Germany of sixty-odd years ago is no more. Even the proud empire of six years ago is no more. Before me, as I write these lines, lie two most interesting documents. For brevity and ease in comparison I will designate them as A and B. The older one, A, is the Constitution of our beloved Republic, the other that of the Republic of Germany, adopted the last day of last July.¹ Each has a significant Pre-

¹ Later note. The document above referred to as B was the English translation of the full text of the German Constitution published by the New York Times in its issue the 14th of last September. Just as my article was finished and in type The World Peace Foundation (40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston) brought out a new translation in pamphlet form. This being the work of experts in the department of instruction in government in Harvard University, and being furnished with a careful historical introduction and a glossary, is in several respects an improvement upon that published by the New York Times and quoted from above. It is sent out by the Foundation by mail at five cents a copy and should have a wide reading. In the absence of a German Legation with which to communicate in Washington I have written several letters to prominent citizens of German descent, and three to editors of such periodicals as the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, for aid

amble, declaring the purpose of the document to be the establishment of a free, just, strong, and peace-promoting government. In each the power ordaining and establishing the proposed government is declared to be "The People." In many respects B is more obviously democratic than A. Thus A nowhere speaks of the United States as a Republic, whereas the very first sentence of article I in B affirms: "The German government is a Republic." Then, as if borrowing from our Declaration of Independence, the second sentence reads: "The power of the state is derived from the People." The equality of all citizens is categorically asserted in article 109: "All Germans are equal before the law." "Titles of nobility . . . may not be conferred any longer." To-day, after decades of agitation, A has no provision for woman suffrage; B declares: "Men and women have fundamentally the same civil rights and duties," and lays down its law accordingly. Freedom of speech, and press, and each of the personal or family rights, immunities and protections slowly *amended* into A, are embodied and carefully safeguarded in B. Even such a right as that to lay down one's citizenship and emigrate finds explicit mention. Both A and B provide for a bicameral government, and in both the lower legislative body consists of delegates chosen by the people, the upper of representatives of the federated states. The delegates of the people, says B, "shall be chosen on the basis of universal, equal, direct, and secret vote by all men and women over the age of twenty, in accordance with the principles of proportional representation." As representatives "of the whole people, they are subject only to their own conscience and shall not be bound by any orders."

In the election of the Republic's highest executive officer B is again more democratic than A. In their distrust of popular choices the authors of our constitution provided for the election of

in obtaining for my own use an imported copy of the Constitution in its original German text and form of publication, but to the present time my efforts have been fruitless. In reading the proof sheets of my article, however, I have compared my citations from the New York version with the corresponding passages in the new Boston one, and am gratified to find the sense so nearly identical as to require no change. It will interest the careful reader to note that the first sentence of Article I in the new version reads: "The German Commonwealth is a Republic"—not "The German government," as given in the New York version. An absolutely literal translation would read, "The German Empire is a Republic!" How effective a beginning for a new Magna Carta of such historic significance. It sounds like an irrepressible joy-cry of an emancipated people saluting the on-looking nations of the world.

the national President, not by a national vote, but by the free choice of certain representatives of the federated states, called Electors. On the other hand, B ordains that "the President of the Republic shall be chosen by the whole German people." Both documents contain provision for a Supreme Court, with judges chosen for life. B adds: "The judges shall be independent and subject only to the law." Capital is safeguarded in articles 153ff; labor, with the right of collective bargaining, in 157ff.

Nothing in the Constitution of the new Republic will so deeply interest American Christians as its attitude toward religion and religious liberty. Its leading provisions are in these words:

Art. 135. All inhabitants of the nation enjoy complete liberty of worship and conscience. Undisturbed enjoyment of religious liberties is assured by the Constitution and is under national protection. This provision leaves the general state laws untouched.—136. Civic rights, state rights and duties are neither conditioned nor limited by the enjoyment of religious liberties. The enjoyment of civic and state rights, as well as admissibility to public office, is regardless of religious beliefs. No one is bound to reveal his religious belief. The authorities have only in so far to ask for the affiliation to a religious society if rights and duties are demanding such information, or in case a lawfully organized census demands such information. No one is to be forced to church duties or church festivities, or to participation in religious exercises, or to the giving of a religious oath.—137. No Government-established church is recognized. Freedom of organization for religious purposes is assured. The joining together of religious societies within the nation is not restricted. Every religious society regulates and administers independently its affairs without the cooperation of the state or the municipality. Religious societies acquire legality according to the prescriptions of the civic law. . . .—139. Sunday and the state-recognized holidays remain lawfully protected as days of rest and spiritual elevation.—140. To the members of the army is given the time necessary for the fulfilling of their religious duties.—148. In giving instruction in public schools care must be taken not to hurt the feelings of those who think differently. . . .—149. The imparting of religious instruction and the using of church institutions are left to the desire of the teachers, and the participation of the pupils in religious studies and in church solemnities and acts is left to those who have the right of determining the child's religious education. . . . The theological faculties of the colleges are maintained.—123. All Germans have the right to gather in meetings peaceably and unarmed without announcement or particular permission. . . .—124. All Germans have the right to form societies or associations for purposes not contrary to the penal law. This right cannot be limited through preventive measures. The same provisions apply to religious societies and unions. Every

association has the right to acquire legal character in accordance with the civil law. No society may be refused this right because it pursues a political, social-political, or religious object.

Here, then, we have a portion of the evidence that in place of the recent Kaiserreich, armed to the teeth, and dominated by an autocrat whose sole word could lawfully launch relentless war against the free governments of the world, Central Europe has to-day by deliberate choice of its surviving inhabitants a well-planned state whose government is of the people, by the people, and for the people. On entering the European war America little dreamed of such an outcome as this. The triumph of the American type of democracy is almost more evident and complete than the triumph of the allied armies. Here, however, the candid student of world affairs cannot fail to be struck by the astonishing silence and inertness reigning on this side of the sea. Germany has been made not only safe for democracy, but even a conspicuous champion of democracy; why are not our joy-bells deliriously swinging and ringing from the Atlantic to the Pacific?

I devoutly wish I could find an honorable answer to this question. Doubtless one reason for the silence is the fact that hardly one in a million of our citizens have read the Constitution of the Republic of Germany, or even had a chance to do so. But who shall tell us why our journals have been so strangely silent? So far as I can learn—and I have been on the lookout almost six full months—but one journal in the United States has given its readers a chance to see the text of the new charter of rights and liberties. Even that journal's editor has not yet printed his estimate thereof. Have our editors no disposition to distinguish between the once regnant warlords, against whom we sent forth our army, and the now regnant patriots, who after more than seventy years of struggle have at last with our aid gained control of the German government? The first lecture I heard in Berlin University, when Frederick William IV was yet on the throne, was the conclusion of a half-year course on the forms and history of human government and in it the Republic of the United States was acclaimed as the crowning product of the whole evolution and the one hope of the world. Neither the kings nor kaisers ever succeeded in eliminating the

leaven that produced the revolution of 1848-49. In the new Republic of to-day the lump has surrendereed to the leaven. In Berlin, Frankfort, Vienna and Budapest I never failed to find native citizens who were delighted to exhibit behind bolted and guarded doors a treasured flag or other souvenir rendered sacred by revolutionary memories, and to talk of the coming deliverance from monarchical domination. President Ebert and his brave associates deserve the sympathy, admiration and aid of all believers in republican institutions. They have undertaken a task that calls for heroes in faith and in action. The monarchistic party on the one hand, and the Bolshevistic on the other, are hoping and working to wreck the new nation and to win thereby. If either party shall succeed, our country, by reason of its unnatural apathy and distrust, will be responsible to a degree not pleasant to contemplate. But let us not think of failure. Rather let us hail in this new republic the ally it hopes to be and is likely soon to become. We will rejoice in every national measure that leads to new and better understandings between our government and France or Italy, but let this fact never be forgotten: in proportion as our republic remains Anglo-Saxon in spirit and in institutions, in like degree will our vital affinities and alliances always be closer with people of the Teutonic race than with any of the Latin nations; since all Anglo-Saxons are of Teutonic origin and nature.

The free churches of all nations have cause for jubilation in the new constitutional guarantees of religious liberty in Central Europe. For the first time in history the people of Germany have an opportunity to elaborate and adopt institutional forms and expressions of the Christian life unhampered by foreign dictation or royal decree. How the peasants of Luther's time and the Moravians and Pietists of later days would have jubilated could they have seen what our eyes behold. In the World Conference of the Evangelical Alliance held in Berlin, in 1857, in which with Bishop Simpson, Father Jacoby, and William Nast, I was an American delegate, the representatives of the German state-churches would well-nigh have dropped dead at a prophecy of such an unshackling of the gospel of Christ in their states. What new victories over the powers of darkness will now be possible to the

new and aggressive leaders that God is raising up! Methodists should be among the first to befriend the new Germany, for when the Anglican father and mother and canonically ordained pastors of John Wesley had failed to bring to his anxious soul the experience of a divine sonship he was brought thereto by a humble German believer, Peter Boehler. Moreover, Wesley found in German hymnody such soul-nourishing aliment for himself and for his English converts that he felt called to give much of his precious time to the making of those matchless versions from the hymns of Dessler, Dober, Gerhardt, Lange, Richter, Rother, Scheffler, Spangenberg, Tersteegen, Zinzendorf, and I know not how many others. Were some historical student to tell me that initially and in essence Methodism was more a child of the Lutheran Reformation than of the English, I know not how I could conscientiously deny it. It was when listening to the very words of Luther that Wesley first gained the heart-warming witness of God's Spirit.

Here some "hundred-and-fifty per cent American" is likely to be heard charging that the now dominant spirits of Germany have as yet shown no proper horror of the crimes of their late government, and given no pledges indicating a change of heart and purpose. So saying, the critic will simply expose his own ignorance or implacable temper. More than a year ago the editor of the *Evangelist für Süd-Ost Europa*, in his New-Year's address to his constituency, wrote in behalf of his religious colleagues, and in behalf of his nation, a *Peccavimus* as sincere and touching as the classical example in the ninth chapter of the book of Nehemiah. The latest Bulletin of the Federal Council of the American Churches gives two remarkable illustrations of the new spirit. One was the confession of the German delegates to the International Trade Union Congress recently held in Amsterdam; this was the voice of laymen engaged in business. The other was the action of the German delegates to the recent Hague Conference of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches; this voice of ministers and laymen was in the presence of representatives of fourteen different countries. It is to be hoped that every hundred-and-fifty-per cent American will turn to pages

182 and 184 of said December Bulletin and get some much-needed illumination.

The opponents of our bilingual Methodist Conferences here in America, whose slogan is, "One flag, one tongue!" have something to learn from Germany. The new republic is multilingual, having tens of thousands of citizens of Slavic and other races. Naturally it desires all to understand and honor the German language. Nevertheless the authors of the new Constitution were neither so chauvinistic nor so childishly timid as to raise a hue and cry for a solitary language. As champions of a genuine world-democracy they wished their people to have access to the world. Note this provision:

Art. 113. Those elements of the nation speaking a foreign language may not be impaired judicially or administratively in their free and popular development, especially in the use of their mother tongue for instruction, or in matters of internal administration and the administration of justice.

One reason for this breadth of vision and of provision is doubtless the well established European tradition according to which no person is to be counted among the educated until he can make use of more than a mother tongue. If under purblind leadership the people of the United States shall become a people of one tongue only, they will have themselves to blame if the more affable and instructed nations of South America and Europe easily win away from our unsocial monoglot merchants, mariners and consuls the best markets of the world. Our slogan should be, "One flag, the English tongue, and as many others as possible!" In our day and henceforward commerce is cosmopolitan, the arts and crafts are cosmopolitan, the tasks of religion are all cosmopolitan. May the coming General Conference at Des Moines, and all similar bodies, take these facts to heart.

William F. Warren.

THE BOOK THAT MADE AMERICAN METHODISM

A LITTLE while ago there came into the writer's hands an old book with this title page: "An Enquiry into the Constitution, Discipline, Unity, and Worship of the Primitive Church, that flourished within the first three hundred years after Christ. Faithfully collected out of the extant writings of those ages. By an Impartial Hand." The date is not given, but the work was published in 1691, and was "Printed for J. Wyat at the Rose, and R. Robinson at the Golden Lyon, in St. Paul's Churchyard." Bound up in the same strong leather covers is the second part of the Enquiry, published in 1719 by the same printers. This is the book that may be said to have made American Methodism, and some account of it and its author may be of interest to readers of this REVIEW.

John Wesley's Journal for 1745 contains a letter to his brother-in-law, Westley Hall, who had earnestly pressed the Wesleys to renounce their connection with the Church of England. Mr. Hall adduced three instances in which he held that John and Charles Wesley undertook "to defend some things which are not defensible by the word of God." The first was: "That the validity of our ministry depends on a succession supposed to be from the apostles, and a commission derived from the Pope of Rome and his successors or dependents." Wesley's reply was, "We believe it would not be right for us to administer either baptism or the Lord's Supper unless we had a commission so to do from those bishops whom we apprehend to be in a succession from the apostles." The third charge made by Mr. Hall ran as follows: "That this papal hierarchy and prelacy, which still continues in the Church of England, is of apostolical institution, and authorized thereby, though not by the written word." Wesley replies: "We believe that the threefold order of ministers (which you seem to mean by papal hierarchy and prelacy) is not only authorized by its apostolical institution, but also by the written word." He adds the characteristic statement: "Yet we are willing to hear and weigh whatever reasons induce you to believe to the contrary."

We do not know whether Westley Hall sent his brother-in-law the book which changed his views, but on the next page of the *Journal* appears the memorable entry:

Monday, 20 (January 1, 1746). I set out for Bristol. On the way I read over Lord King's Account of the Primitive Church. In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education I was ready to believe that this was a fair and impartial draught, but, if so, it would follow that bishops and presbyters are (essentially) of one order, and that originally every Christian congregation was a church independent on all others!

For nearly forty years that change in Wesley's views bore no practical fruit. But after the War of Independence the condition of his societies in America compelled Wesley to take action. The English clergy had retired from the country and in many places there was no one to administer the sacraments. Wesley used every effort to persuade the Bishop of London to take steps to meet the emergency, even by ordaining only one, but the bishop would not move in the matter. Wesley, therefore, with the Rev. James Creighton, set apart Dr. Coke as general superintendent and instructed him to ordain Francis Asbury as joint superintendent with himself. He also ordained Richard Whatcoat and Thomas Vasey as elders to baptize and administer the Lord's Supper.

In the well-known letter of September 10, 1784, Wesley explains his action and shows that it may be traced to the book he read in 1746 as he rode to Bristol:

Lord King's Account of the Primitive Church convinced me many years ago that bishops and presbyters are the same order and consequently have the same right to ordain. For many years I have been importuned, from time to time, to exercise this right, by ordaining part of our travelling preachers. But I have still refused, not only for peace' sake, but because I was determined as little as possible to violate the established order of the national church to which I belonged.

From that position Wesley never moved. His brother took a different view. He had long ceased to itinerate as he did in his earlier years, and was not awake to the urgent needs of America. He begged John to stop and consider before he had quite broken down the bridge. Wesley, however, had been considering the subject for nearly forty years. He told his brother that he had never exercised in England the power which he believed God

had given him because of the obedience "to the bishops in obedience to the laws of the land." But his mind was made up.

I firmly believe I am a scriptural *evangelos*, as much as any man in England or in Europe. (For the *uninterrupted succession* I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove.)

These statements make one turn with keen interest to the book which paved the way for Wesley's action in 1784. The writer was a young scholar as yet unknown to fame, though he was to become Lord Chancellor of England. He was born in Exeter in 1669, where his father, Mr. Jerome King, carried on a wholesale and retail business as grocer and salter. He was well-to-do and is said to have belonged to a good family long settled at Glastonbury in Somersetshire. He intended his only child to follow the same trade, and after "a school education suitable to this mode of life, placed him while still a lad behind the counter." No one thought that the boy, who went on errands in the city or served customers, was to stand before kings. But Peter King had a thirst for learning which nothing could quench. His father was a Presbyterian who leaned toward Puritanism. The youth exhausted his father's little library, which was chiefly composed of books of divinity, and then "spent all his pocket money and perquisites in buying treatises on the profane sciences. He even contrived to initiate himself and to make considerable proficiency in the learned languages, and this application of study was so secret that, in the language of his biographers, 'he was an excellent scholar before any one suspected it.'" He had a close link to the world of learning and politics, for his mother was sister to John Locke, the philosopher, who had been secretary, tutor, and physician in the household of the first Earl of Shaftesbury. After the earl's fall Locke went to Holland, in 1685. There he became known to William, Prince of Orange, in whose suite he returned to England in 1689. He was now able to visit his sister at Exeter and was astonished at the progress made by his nephew, Peter. He realized that it would be impossible to confine such a youth to his father's business. He therefore advised that he should be sent to the University of Leyden, where there were excellent professors. The advice was followed, and

Peter King studied with "an ardour and perseverance of which there are few examples." He became a good classical scholar, but had a special taste for divinity, and, as Lord Campbell says, "under a Calvinistic professor of church history he thoroughly established himself in the belief that in the New Testament, and in the earliest days of Christianity, the words *ἐπίσκοπος* and *πρεσβύτερος* were used indiscriminately, and that those to whom the terms were applied formed one and the same grade in the church." He therefore wrote his *Enquiry*, "which made a great sensation, passed through several editions, and called forth many learned and able answers." He says in his Preface: "As for the occasion of my publishing this treatise, it cannot be imagined to proceed from a spirit of vanity or ambition, since I so far conceal my name, as that even my bookseller knows not who I am; much less, I hope, will it be construed by any to proceed from a spirit of contention and animosity, from an ill-design to foment and increase our present feuds and divisions; since I assure the whole world, our unnatural quarrels do so much afflict and trouble me, as that I would sacrifice not only this book, but also all that I either am or have, if thereby I might be a happy instrument to compose and heal them. But amongst other reasons, these two were the chiefest that swayed me hereunto: To inform others, and to inform myself." He gives his authority for each conclusion, setting the passages cited in Latin and Greek from the fathers by the side of his own translations. The first chapter shows that there was but one supreme bishop to a church, though he notes that the New Testament speaks of several bishops at Ephesus and Philippi. The second chapter proves that the bishop had only one church. He was elected by all the members of the church, clergy and laity, who met together for that purpose. Mr. King gathered his evidence with a care and skill prophetic of his future eminence at the bar. He reaches this conclusion: "But now from the whole we may collect a solid argument for the equality of Presbyters with Bishops as to order; for if a Presbyter did all a Bishop did, what Difference was there between them? A Bishop preached, baptized, and confirmed, so did a Presbyter. A Bishop excommunicated, absolved, and ordained, so did a Presbyter. Whatever a

Bishop did, the same did a Presbyter; the particular Acts of their Office was the same; the only Difference that was between them was in Degree; but this proves there was none at all in Order" (p. 64). He adds: "That there were but two Orders instituted by the Apostles, viz.: Bishops and Deacons. . . . And if they ordained but these Two, I think no One had ever a commission to add a Third, or to split One into Two, as must be done, if we separate the Order of Presbyters from the Order of Bishops. But that when the Apostles appointed the Order of Bishops, Presbyters were included therein, will manifestly appear from the Induction of those forecited Passages in Clemens's Epistle, and his Drift and Design thereby, which was to appease and calm the Schisms and Factions of some unruly Members in the Church of Corinth, who designed to depose their Presbyters. . . . This was the true Reason for which the forequoted Passages were spoken, which clearly evinces, that Presbyters were included under the Title of Bishops, or rather that they were Bishops." Irenæus is cited to the same effect and other fathers confirm the evidence thus adduced.

Within a year after his return from Leyden, Peter King entered as a student at the Middle Temple and was called to the bar in 1698. Locke advised his nephew that when he first opened his "mouth at the bar, it should be some easy, plain matter that you are perfectly master of." He chose the Western Circuit, where he was soon eagerly retained in causes of all sorts. In 1669 he was elected member of Parliament for Bere-Alston in Devonshire. Locke urged him to stay in town that he might do his duty as a member, and this he did though at considerable loss and at the peril of his professional position in the Western Circuit. He still managed to keep up his theological studies and published *The History of the Apostles' Creed, with Critical Observations on its Several Articles*, which was greatly esteemed for its learning and its orthodoxy. It was the first attempt to trace the evolution of the creed. He made his maiden speech in Parliament in 1702, and seemed in a fair way to become Solicitor General when William III died and the Tories came into power under Queen Anne. Mr. King often visited John Locke, now living at Oates, in Essex, and "had the unspeakable satisfaction of prolonging the

old man's days by his kindness, and rendering them more comfortable. In 1704 he made a happy marriage with Miss Anne Seyes of Boverton in Glamorganshire and took his bride to see Locke at Oates. The philosopher sent detailed instructions to his nephew about the provisions he was to bring from London so that the party might be properly entertained. He was to buy four dried neat's tongues, twelve partridges, four pheasants, four turkey poults, four fresh Auburn rabbits, plovers, or woodcocks, or snipes, twelve Chichester male lobsters, two large crabs, crawfish, prawns and a double-barrel of the best Colchester oysters. Locke himself could take little beyond a crust of bread and a cup of water, but he was determined to give his visitors a worthy reception. A few days after the wedding party had left Oakes Mr. King was called to his uncle's deathbed. The bulk of his uncle's property was left to him. "I wish you all manner of prosperity in this world," wrote the old Christian, "and the everlasting happiness of the world to come. That I loved you I think you are convinced. God send us a happy meeting in the resurrection of the just. Adieu."

Mr. King was now almost looked upon as leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons, and was at the head of the bar, both for reputation and business. He was made Recorder of Glastonbury and then Recorder for the City of London. He was also knighted. He took part in the impeachment of Sacheverell, the Tory firebrand, whose defense the Rector of Epworth was said to have written. John Wesley was instructed by his father to call on him for letters of recommendation when he was leaving Charterhouse for Oxford and was very superciliously received by the tall and splendidly dressed clergyman: "You are too young to go to the university; you cannot know Greek and Latin yet; go back to school." Wesley told Alexander Knox, "I looked at him as David looked at Goliath, and despised him in my heart. I thought, 'If I do not know Greek and Latin better than you, I ought to go back to school indeed.' I left him, and neither entreaties nor commands could have again brought me back to him." Sir Peter King's speech did him credit, though he was thought to be rather too forbearing in dealing with the High Church party. He also

gratuitously defended William Whiston on his trial for heresy in 1712.

With the accession of George the First the star of the Whigs was in the ascendant. Sir Peter King headed the procession which met his Majesty in Southwark and delivered a loyal and eloquent address. He was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1714 and for eleven years earned unqualified admiration by his conduct in that great position. Lord Campbell says: "His judgments, as handed down to us in the Reports, are marked by great precision of definition, subtlety of distinction, breadth of principle, lucidness of arrangement, and felicity of illustration, his copious authorities being brought forward to justify, not to overlay, his reasoning." He went as Judge of Assize twice a year and visited all the English circuits in turn, or, as it has been called, "he ran the gauntlet." In 1725 he was made Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage as Baron King of Ockham in the County of Surrey. His new duties were unfamiliar, and though he did everything to qualify himself for his work as an equity judge, he did not increase the reputation won in the Common Pleas. He was intimately associated with Sir Robert Walpole, who came to Ockham and "entered into a free discourse with me about foreign affairs." During the king's absence in Hanover, Lord King was the head of the regency. When George the Second came to the throne he was in close consultation with Walpole as to the proclamation of the new monarch. George the Second might have resented the advice which the chancellor had given to his father about the education of his grandchildren, but he received Lord King very graciously, saying: "Your Lordship has always shown yourself, and no doubt will continue to show yourself, a zealous servant of the crown, and a warm friend to the Protestant succession." The chancellor had a paralytic stroke in 1733 and resigned the great seal on November 19. Repose and the fine air of his country seat at Ockham, the village of Oaks, restored his strength, but on July 22, 1734, he had another seizure and died the same night at eight o'clock in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

John Wesley often passed along the Portsmouth road within a mile of the church where Lord King lies buried, but we never

find that he turned aside to see the place. It might well be a shrine for American Methodists to visit. It is a glorious motor ride from Exeter through the pine woods to the old Church of All Saints, which stands within Ockham Park, a hundred yards from the mansion. The church was built in Norman times and a Norman arch is still to be seen above the western doorway. All the succeeding styles of architecture are represented. It has a fine thirteenth-century buttressed tower of three stories, mottled into cool grays and pinks and heavy with ivy. But the glory of the church is the unique east window, with seven lancets divided by slender columns of black Sussex marble with beautifully sculptured capitals. This replaced a window of three lights in the middle of the thirteenth century. The glass is modern, but in a window at the side of the pulpit there is some quaint Dutch glass. Within the altar rails is the base of a thirteenth-century font, a fourteenth-century brass to W. Frilende, a "rector of this church and founder of this chapel," and another brass to John and Margaret Weston, who died in 1483 and 1475. There is a big "squint" on the north side, but you cannot see the altar from it. A beautifully carved double piscina is in the sanctuary and another in the south wall near the chancel arch. A still more interesting survival is part of the staircase leading to the rude loft. The Lord Chancellor is buried in a mausoleum opening out of the north side of the church. The white marble statues of Lord King in his chancellor's robes, and of his wife, who died in 1767, are fine specimens of the work of Rysbrach, the Dutch sculptor who settled in London in 1720, and executed the monument to Sir Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey. The inscription on the urn will be read with interest:

Depositum
Petri Domini King
Baronis de Ockham

He was born in the city of Exeter, of worthy and substantial parents, but with a genius superior to his birth. By his industry, prudence, learning, and virtue he raised himself to the highest character and reputation, and to the highest posts and dignities.

He applied himself to his studies in the Middle Temple, and to an exact and complete knowledge in all parts and history of the law added the most extensive learning, theological and civil. He was chosen a mem-

ber of the House of Commons in the year 1699; Recorder of the City of London in the year 1708; made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1714, on the accession of King George I; created Lord King, Baron of Ockham, and raised to the post and dignity of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, 1725; under the laborious fatigues of which weighty place, sinking into a paralytic disease, he resigned it November 19, 1733, and died July 22, 1734, aged 65. A friend to true religion and liberty.

Lord Campbell describes the panegyric as modest and well deserved. "He was a most learned, enlightened, and upright magistrate, ever devoted to the conscientious discharge of the duties of his station. He rose from obscurity to high distinction by native energy and self-reliance, without courting the favour of any patron or of the multitude, and without ever incurring the suspicion of a dishonourable or mean action. If he did not dazzle by brilliant qualities, he gained universal good will by such as were estimable and amicable. He unostentatiously ascribed all his success in life to his love of labor, and he took for his motto, *Labor ipse voluptas*."

Lord King's four sons successively inherited the title and estates. The seventh baron, grandson of the chancellor's youngest son, was "eminent for wit, elegance, and every great and amiable quality." He wrote, in 1829, an admirable life of John Locke, whose name became a patronymic in the family. His bust by Westmacott is in the mausoleum bearing an inscription which says: "He enlarged the knowledge and promoted the welfare of his great and free country." His son, William, married Ada, daughter of Lord Byron, the poet, in 1835, and in 1838 was created Earl of Lovelace. The year after their marriage he and Lady King planned elaborate schools for the parish with workshops attached for teaching carpentry, the lathe, and gardening. Advanced instruction was given in the school and gymnasium. Lord Lovelace removed from Ockham Park to the splendid mansion, Horsley Towers, not far away, built by Sir Charles Barry, 1820-5. Dr. Lushington became the occupier of Ockham Park and his daughters took special interest in the schools. The advanced teaching was given up in 1874. Ockham manor was held by the Clares at the time of the Domesday survey, and from them some centuries later it passed by marriage to the Staffords.

On the attainder of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was beheaded for treason in 1521, it reverted to the crown. Then it passed to the Courtenays and Westons of Sutton Park near Guilford, who sold it to Henry Weston of Ockham, of the ancient family of Weston of Albury. Sir Peter King bought the manor in 1710 and largely rebuilt the house, which is a fine specimen of Italian architecture. The iron gates of the park opening on to the Guilford road are well known for their beautiful workmanship. The village has another claim to fame as the birthplace of William of Occam (1280-1349), the English Franciscan, who was a pupil of Duns Scotus. He was styled *Venerabilis Inceptor*, *Doctor Invincibilis*. He was practically the last of the great schoolmen. Luther had a high opinion of him and kept his writings in his library. He made a trenchant demonstration of nominalism, or of modified conceptualism. All our knowledge, he held, was simply of phenomena. Individual things alone exist; common names are equivalent to algebraic signs. He also maintained that the doctrines of faith were revealed alone in Scripture and assured by the authority of the Church. That left no room for reason. Occam taught that God might have selected something else than the moral law as the duty of man. Right and wrong depend on his will. Occam probably studied at Merton College, Oxford, and became Provincial of the Friars Manor in England. He was professor in the University of Paris, 1320-3. He joined the party who opposed the temporal power of the Pope. He charged Pope John XXII with seven heresies and seventy errors. This Pope had incensed many of the Franciscans by condemning the belief in the poverty of Christ as heresy, and was charged in turn with heresy for denying Christ's poverty. Occam wrote in defense of the Emperor of Germany, Louis IV of Bavaria, in his quarrel with the Pope, holding that Christ, and not the Pope, is the head of the church, and that Scripture alone is infallible. The Franciscans took the part of Louis when he summoned a Parliament in Rome and declared John XXII to be deposed for heresy. But he regained his power and wrote a book in which he declared that the saints did not enjoy the beatific vision of God until after the final judgment. That struck at the root of the intercession

of the saints and the Pope had to recant, and declared that he never meant to teach anything contrary to Scripture or the rule of faith. Occam submitted to the Pope, but John's successor admitted that his language had been incautious. Occam was imprisoned at Avignon, but escaped in 1328, and took refuge with Louis of Bavaria, to whom he suggested *Tu me defendas gladio, ego te defendam calamo*. Occam's razor, the Law of Parsimony, *Entia non sunt multiplicanda sine necessitate*, was famous in the schools. His philosophy had at first extraordinary success, but it was twice condemned by the University of Paris and once by Pope Clement VI. He has been called the first Protestant. He protested in the name of human reason that there is no foundation for belief in God and in the immortality of the soul except in Revelation. They are thus relegated to the sphere of faith. He died at Munich about 1349.

Now that the war is over friends from America may find time to visit Occam. It is twenty miles from London and seven from the county town of Guilford. As they go or return they might take a look at the gardens in Lobham, which lie just beyond the river Mole. Wesley set out from Portsmouth for London at two o'clock on October 5, 1771. "About ten some of our London friends met me at Cobham, with whom I took a walk in the neighboring gardens, inexpressibly pleasant, through the variety of hills and dales, and the admirable contrivance of the whole. And now after spending his life in bringing it to perfection, the grey-headed owner advertises it to be sold. Is there anything under the sun that can satisfy a spirit made for God?" Wesley's reference is to the Hon. Charles Hamilton, who had found the place a barren heath. He moved to Bath, where he died in 1787. Mr. Bond-Hopkins bought the estate. Wesley visited Pains Hill again on October 8, 1779, on his way from Portsmouth to London. "Having a little leisure I thought I could not employ it better than in a walk through the gardens. They are said to take up four hundred acres, and are admirably well laid out." He mentioned several respects in which they far exceed the celebrated gardens at Stowe—the higher ground, the finer prospect, the river flowing through them, the more elegant buildings, and the

rock work. The last visit was paid on Saturday, October 2, 1790, when James Rogers and his wife, with other friends from London, met Wesley at Cobham. The innkeeper told them that strangers were only admitted to the gardens on Tuesday and Friday. "However, hearing Mr. Hopkins was at home, I sent in my name, and desired that favour, which was immediately granted. We spent an hour very agreeably in those lovely walks, but still the eye was not satisfied with seeing. An immortal spirit can be satisfied with nothing but seeing God."

Two miles from the Cobham gardens is Stoke d'Abernon with the oldest brass in England, a life-size effigy of Sir John Dauberon in full crusading panoply. He wears a complete set of chain mail with shield, spear and sword. His feet rest on a lion. The date is 1277. The brass of his son, who died in 1327, is near it in the chancel and the church itself dates from early Norman times. Three miles farther and we reach the fine old mansion, Kingston House, Leatherhead, where Wesley preached his last sermon, on February 23, 1791, and went home to die at City Road.

John Jefferson

METHODISM AND PREMILLENNIALISM

ONE of the most vigorous movements in religious propaganda is being carried on to-day by the adherents of premillennialism. At an earlier day the spread of this teaching was mainly attempted through denominational groups like the Irvingites and Plymouth Brethren in England and the Seventh Day Adventists in our own country. This modern movement, however, is being mainly carried on in undenominational fashion, though its ideas come largely from the bodies noted above, especially the Plymouth Brethren. It centers in Bible Institutes, like those of Chicago and Los Angeles, from which many professional evangelists go forth, and in which not a few preachers who do not take regular college and seminary work receive their training. It works through popular summer assemblies and in the so-called "prophetic conferences" which multiplied especially during the war. It is promoted by professional evangelists, who vigorously push the doctrine even where the vast majority of the churches which afford them their opportunity to speak dissent from it. The printed page, however, is the agency most relied upon. Of one volume, which seems to have been sent gratis to most of the ministers of the country, several hundred thousand copies have been circulated. The movement has commanded large funds, and in one case these have been used, by way of promise of support, to secure the acceptance by mission boards of candidates who hold this doctrine, or who at least will not oppose it. To most people this adventism is merely a matter of curious speculation about the return of Christ and the end of the world. As a matter of fact a whole system of theology is involved here. Its central interest, however, lies in a very practical question: How shall the kingdom of God be brought upon the earth? Its definite, simple, and dramatic answer to that question makes the strength of its appeal. Now this is the question in which we are all interested. We are catching Christ's great vision of a world that is to be God's world, that is to carry out God's purpose of good will to all men. We are no longer content that our little groups should

meet for pleasant worship and gather a few converts once in a while. We are asking how America may really become Christian in her institutions and life, and how the nations of the world may be won for Christ, and in this question Methodism is concerned. Other church movements have begun with questions as to reform of creed or institution. Methodism's interest from the first lay in this: how to make new men and a new world. And to this interest she has brought a very definite doctrine of salvation. Because of this common interest, and because of the important practical bearings of the teaching, a comparison of Methodism and premillennialism is in order.

The premillennial doctrine as to how the world is to be saved can be briefly stated, though there is large variety in detail: Human history moves according to a predetermined plan revealed in the Bible. The present age is evil and will grow steadily worse. It is under the control of Satan. God has no purpose for it except to save a limited number of the elect. The church is corrupt and will increase in corruption. It is not God's plan to use the church for saving the world, or to accomplish this through the preaching of the gospel or the work of the Holy Spirit. It is to be done by the sheer and irresistible power of God intervening from heaven. When evil reaches its climax Christ will return in visible form and with external power. He will destroy his enemies, will establish a political kingdom at Jerusalem, reigning with his saints who have been raised from the dead, and holding the nations of the world in subjection. Commonly it is taught that the Jews will return and will become the ruling power of the world, the temple being rebuilt and the old sacrifices and ritual reestablished. At the end of a thousand years of peace and plenty will come a final revolt of the powers of evil and their destruction, followed by the second resurrection and the judgment. Leaving other features aside, we will consider the doctrine of world salvation here involved. This includes three elements: 1. A spirit of hopelessness so far as this world, or this age, is concerned. God has not intended the world to be saved in this age. Through these long centuries his only purpose has been to save a certain number of men, the elect. We have no right to expect the conversion of the

masses nor the Christianization of the world. An industry that shall be just, a world freed from great evils like intemperance, international peace and justice as contemplated in a league of nations—these are idle dreams because they do not lie in the plan of God. Dr. Torrey frankly objects to the watch-cry, "America for Christ," and "The Wide World for Christ," because these things are not possible in this generation. 2. The repudiation of the moral and spiritual means of salvation and the appeal to the physical. The reasons for this are variously given, but the position is frankly stated: in nineteen hundred years the word of the gospel and the work of the Spirit have failed to save the world, and they will not save it in the future. The kingdom "does not come by spiritual means," says A. C. Gaebelein. "It will be through miraculous power," declares Dr. Scofield, by which he does not mean the miracle of the work of God's Spirit in human hearts. "Not by the preaching of the gospel and the all-persuasive power of the Spirit," says Dr. Haldeman, will the kingdom come, not by a Christ "who seeks either friendship or love"; he comes instead "as a king, an autocrat, a despot. He will enunciate his claim by terror and might." Here in this appeal to the physical, to the sheer power of omnipotence, is the bankruptcy of moral faith. 3. The attitude toward the church. By the church is here meant the visible body of Christ's followers as associated together for worship and service. This church, premillennialism declares, shares in the world's corruption and will become steadily worse. It is represented by the spreading leaven, which adventism interprets as a symbol of corruption. The church's task is not to convert the world or Christianize it, but simply to evangelize it. That means preaching the gospel "as a witness." And it must expect no result except the salvation of that limited number whose completion will bring the coming of Christ. The church itself is thus ruled out as an instrument for saving the world. This task, postponed to the coming age, is assigned by many of these writers to the Jews.

Nothing could be in sharper contrast to all this than that faith of Methodism which has underlain her whole history. First and foremost is her faith in the power of the gospel and the work of the Holy Spirit. That gospel Wesley brought with confidence to

the brutish and besotted peasantry of his England. He believed in the power of the Spirit of God through which God purposed to make a new world. He believed that God's Spirit could save the whole man and all the life of human kind, social as well as individual. He himself attacked vigorously such evils as slavery, intemperance, and poverty. Believing thus in the gospel, Methodism of necessity believed in a world redemption and the work of the church to that end. Methodism was a missionary church long before she had missionary societies, and that task she is facing to-day with clearer consciousness of her duty and more earnest summoning of her resources than ever before. Her object is not to complete a limited number known as the elect. She believes that Christ died for every man and that God wills that every man should be saved. She believes that the will of God is to be done in state and business and all human life, and that we should work to this end. That is the reason for her medical and industrial missions, and above all for her educational work. She has never been "high church" in doctrine, or made the church an end in itself, but she has magnified the church as God's agency for the establishment of the kingdom. But the opposition between Methodism and premillennialism runs far deeper than these details of doctrine. It is the opposition between Methodism and Calvinism. Augustinian Calvinism, it is true, does not by any means imply the peculiar doctrines of premillennialism, and these were rejected by John Calvin as by the other reformers, but premillennialism rests upon Calvinism, and that of an extreme type. Calvinism's essential character appeared in its doctrine of God, in that one-sided emphasis upon the divine sovereignty which imperiled alike the character of God and the moral-spiritual nature of his dealings with men. Its motive was creditable, to assert God's sovereignty at all hazards and salvation by divine grace alone. Its conclusions were less so. On God's side it led everything back finally to the authority of power and not that of character. On man's side, that it might exclude any possible claim to merit or share in the work of salvation, it set forth that extreme doctrine of total depravity and that denial of moral freedom which made man in effect the passive object upon which omnipotence exercised its will. As

one Calvinist put it at the Philadelphia "prophetic conference," "In God's sight only two men have ever done anything—the first man and the Last Man" (*Light on Prophecy*, p. 19). The story of human life and destiny became thus, alike with those that were lost and those that were saved, simply the inevitable carrying out in time of the decrees of the Absolute. The final appeal is not to character but to authority, the final method is not ethical and free but that of power and necessity.

The Calvinism which Wesley opposed concerned itself primarily with the question of individual salvation. In premillennialism it is a question of world salvation, but the principles employed are the same. There is the same appeal to sovereignty without regard to moral or rational considerations. World history, for adventism, is a rigid scheme which a sovereign power has mapped out in advance. God might bring in the new age sooner, we are told, but he has not so determined it. Satan rules because God has fixed this age as his age of power. "It is given unto Satan to triumph in the present dispensation," writes one of the older premillennial authorities, concluding that therefore "the wretched heresy of of Romanism, the last form of error and the latest phase of infidelity, will certainly win the day" (Brookes, *The Lord Cometh*, pp. 316, 317). God might convert the world through the Word and the Spirit, but he has not planned it so. Everything goes back to the sovereign, all-compelling will. "The gospel age is no less marked by election, sovereign, eternal election, than the preceding age. . . . It has pleased God during these past eighteen centuries to bring comparatively a small number to the saving knowledge of the truth" (*The Lord Cometh*, pp. 310, 311). In line with this predetermination of the course of events by divine sovereignty is the appeal to sheer power in relation to the problem of salvation. It is the application to world history of the same principle that in Wesley's day appeared as irresistible grace and the necessary perseverance of the saints. Nothing is left to the contingency of human choice or human cooperation. These writers scoff at the idea of the Kingdom being brought in "by man's puny efforts." When it comes, we are told, it will be by a miraculous deed of God. The sovereign will which has predetermined the

course of events brings each to pass by irresistible power. Here is the same denial of human agency and human freedom with which Wesley contended.

This Calvinistic basis of premillennialism is very little referred to by modern writers, who at present seem to be especially desirous of commending their doctrine to Methodists. The situation, however, is brought out very clearly by one of the older leaders of the premillennial movement, Professor S. H. Kellogg, formerly of Allegheny Seminary and one of the callers of the first of the series of "prophetic conferences." Writing of that conference, which was held in New York in 1878, he points out that at least 88 per cent of those indorsing the call were Augustinians, with only five per cent Methodists. He declares that "premillennialism presupposes an anthropology essentially Augustinian" (Calvinistic total depravity and the denial of moral freedom). Redemption is not brought about by "the cooperation of man with the work of the Holy Ghost, in the use of existing material, moral, and spiritual agencies." Salvation for the individual and the race is by "a supernatural intervention of divine power," "Premillennialists constantly insist that the present dispensation is strictly elective. They all maintain that the immediate object of the present dispensation is not the salvation of the world or the race, but only the salvation of an election out of the world. . . . So much stress is laid by premillennialists upon conceptions of this kind that it is difficult to see how any but an Augustinian can really accept the system." Premillennialism "refers the salvation of men out of the present age to the electing purpose of God. It seems to be of necessity involved, moreover, that this election must be sovereign and absolute" (*Bibliotheca Sacra*, vol. xlv). Under these circumstances it is not surprising that premillennialism has made so little headway in the Methodist Church despite the active propaganda which Methodists with slight exception have made no effort to meet. Allusion has been made to the "prophetic conferences," representative gatherings of premillennialists. In the report of the first of these 114 names are given of those indorsing the call. Of these but five are marked as Methodists, only two of these being ministers. The last general conference of this kind

was held in Chicago in 1914. To the proceedings of this conference a list of premillennialists is added. The list is far from accurate, for it includes names like Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, and Charles A. Briggs. There was an apparent effort to make it comprehensive, for names are listed of the obscure with the well known, of the dead as well as living, not far from one half being of the dead. Of the 269 living there are but eight Methodist Episcopal preachers, nor does the list contain a single teacher from one of our colleges or seminaries.

But what of the claim so often made that Mr. Wesley himself was a premillenarian? This has most recently been asserted in an editorial of the *Christian Workers' Magazine* of October, 1916, a journal published by the Moody Bible Institute. On a point of doctrine like this a Methodist would naturally turn to the two volumes of sermons of which Mr. Wesley wrote: "I am not conscious that there is any one point of doctrine on which I am accustomed to speak in public, which is not here laid before every Christian reader." If Mr. Wesley held this doctrine it must have meant very little to him, for the sermons nowhere discuss it. As a matter of fact, however, the positions of premillennialism are excluded point by point by what Mr. Wesley does say. Any reader can determine this by consulting such sermons as *The Way to the Kingdom*, *The Great Assize*, *The Spread of the Gospel*, *The Signs of the Times*, and *On Former Times*. Premillennialism declares that the world is hopeless and will steadily grow worse. Wesley writes: "No 'former time' since the apostle left the earth has been better than the present. . . . We are not born out of due time but in the day of his power; a day of glorious salvation, wherein he is hastening to renew the whole race of mankind in righteousness and true holiness" (*Sermons*, II, 363). Premillennialism says that the Kingdom is in the future, Wesley declares again and again that it is here. Premillennialism appeals to a miraculous interposition, Wesley puts his faith in the power of the gospel and points out its increasing triumphs (on *The Spread of the Gospel*). Premillennialism has two or more resurrections, Wesley one general resurrection (*Sermons*, I, 126). It speaks of different judgments, and declares that the saints themselves shall not be

judged, "only their works"; Wesley teaches one judgment for all (Sermons I, 126ff). Wesley declares that Christ's kingdom was set up with great power and glory at the destruction of Jerusalem, and that in this was fulfilled the promise of the coming of the Son of Man (New Testament Notes, on Matt. 10. 23; 16. 28; 24. 34). In these Notes also he makes clear his teaching as to one general resurrection and judgment (on 1 Cor. 15. 23, 24; Matt. 25. 31-46). The premillennial idea of an earthly and political kingdom he repudiates in his comment on Acts 1. 6, "They still seemed to dream of an outward, temporal kingdom, in which the Jews should have dominion over all nations." Premillennialists take this passage at face value as expressing and proving their doctrine. With these positive and specific statements it is hardly necessary to discuss the statements of the Christian Workers' Magazine editorial. Most of the argument is indirect, referring to Mr. Wesley's approbation of some chiliast or his writings. Other statements that are true do not admit of the conclusion drawn. For example, we are told that Mr. Wesley "taught specifically the preaching of the gospel as a testimony to all nations," and the editor might have added also, "and that then the end should come." Only Mr. Wesley explained that Paul had already fulfilled this word as to the preaching and that the end referred to came with the destruction of Jerusalem (see on Matt. 24. 14). Wesley taught, we are told again, "the duty of the church to observe the signs of the times." The editor can hardly have read Wesley's sermon on The Signs of the Times or his comment on Matt. 16. 3, for on the latter Wesley comments: "The signs which evidently show that this is the time of the Messiah"; and in the sermon he interprets the phrase spiritually and rebukes those who cannot see the signs which show in his own day the spread of Christianity like the spreading leaven and the growing mustard tree. But what of Wesley's exegesis of Rev. 20, to which confident appeal is made by the adventists, and from which the editorial quotes? So far as the quotation is concerned, the method of the editor, or of those from whom he quotes, is a not uncommon one in these circles: certain inconclusive phrases common in adventist discussion are taken to mean premillennial teaching. In this case it is a very

fragmentary quotation and omits the essential points. Probably no one to-day shares the curious theory which Wesley here sets forth, but, whatever may be thought of it, it is certainly not premillennial. There is no rule of Christ on earth with the saints; there is no political kingdom; there are two millennia instead of one, but neither corresponds with the adventist conception, nor is there any visible coming of Christ preceding either. "Two distinct thousand years are mentioned throughout this whole passage; . . . the thousand wherein Satan is bound, ver. 2, 3, 7, the thousand wherein the saints shall reign, ver. 4, 5, 6. . . . During the former the promises concerning the flourishing state of the church shall be fulfilled. During the latter, while the saints reign with Christ in heaven, men on earth will be careless and secure" (on Rev. 20. 4). He gives this order again in the comment on 20. 3: "Quickly he [Satan] will be bound [the first thousand years]; when he is loosed again, the martyrs will live and reign with Christ [the second thousand years]. Then follow his coming in glory, the new heaven, new earth, and New Jerusalem." Here he specifically excludes a premillennial coming. This new heaven and new earth, he explains, are the eternal world "after the resurrection and general judgment" (on 21. 1). The events connected with the two millennia are unseen by men, occurring in the invisible world (on 20. 5). To all this speculation Wesley himself apparently did not attach very much importance; it is not reflected elsewhere in his writings, nor did it influence his followers. But, such as it is, it is definitely opposed to premillennialism.

The clearest statement of Wesley's position in its opposition to modern premillennialism is to be found in his sermon on *The General Spread of the Gospel*. Curiously enough, it is from this sermon that a recent premillennial writer, the Rev. J. F. Silver, quotes to show Wesley as an adherent of that doctrine. In this sermon Wesley faces the question which premillennialism seeks to answer. Having surveyed the world with all its evil, he quotes his text, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord," and then asks, How can these things be? Then follows the striking sentence cited by Silver: "On one supposition, indeed, not only all impossibility, but all difficulty, vanishes away. Only suppose

the Almighty to act irresistibly, and the thing is done." This sentence is certainly a clear statement of the premillennial position, which despairs of spiritual agencies and appeals to the sheer force of omnipotence. Mr. Silver accepts it as such. So presumably do Dr. Torrey and Dean Gray, who commend this book, and Dr. Griffith Thomas, who especially calls the attention of Methodists to this volume written, as he points out, by a Methodist preacher with an introduction by Dr. Hogue, a Methodist bishop. (The writers of this book and its preface are esteemed members of the Free Methodist Church.) All this is interesting because this sentence, instead of representing Mr. Wesley's opinion, is his statement of the position which he is opposing. The statement of this dissent is so plain and emphatic that one is left no recourse but to acquit Mr. Silver of having read any of the sermon except this sentence and what precedes. Even then a slight knowledge of Wesley's theology should have saved the writer and his sponsors from so misrepresenting him. Were God to act irresistibly, Mr. Wesley argues, then "man would be man no longer. . . . He would no longer be a moral agent; . . . consequently he would no longer be capable of virtue or vice, of reward or punishment." Here is Arminian theology in its absolute opposition to premillennialism and all other Calvinism. Wesley's own answer follows. The world is to be saved just as you were saved. That was not by force but rather by God's grace assisting you to choose the better part. Just so, "the kingdom of God will not come with observation; but will silently increase, wherever it is set up, and spread from heart to heart, from house to house, from town to town, from one kingdom to another." And this will not end till universal holiness and happiness are established in the earth.

Modern premillennialists show a strong tendency to pose as the champions of orthodoxy and the denunciation of others is a common practice. There is no desire on the part of the writer to imitate this spirit or deny to any within the Methodist Church or any other church the right to hold such doctrine. Least of all would he seek to disparage the piety or devotion of these people. But all this does not change the fact that the fundamental ideas that govern the church are of tremendous importance in their

practical outworkings, and that there is need to-day of clear thinking joined to plain though brotherly speaking. The church is moving forward to-day with a great program and upon that program it is basing a great appeal. If our Centenary program needs strengthening at any point it is right here: we need to make clearer the faith and the ideals that lie back of our practical endeavor, and we need to teach this faith to our people. There never has been strong and sustained Christian life in the church except as it rested upon great truths clearly grasped and firmly held. There is a great faith that lies back of the Centenary Movement which our church is attempting to-day, and it may be stated as follows:

We believe in a living God, mightier than selfishness and oppression and greed and war and every power of sin; a God who is present and working in his world to-day.

We believe in the kingdom of God, the kingdom that is already here wherever men love and believe and serve, the kingdom that shall come in fullness when all men shall know God, and all the life of men, in industry and state, shall be lived in love and righteousness.

We believe that this new world is to come through the preaching of the gospel and the power of the Spirit of God in the hearts of men.

We believe in the God who works with men and through men, and that fellowship in the world's service is the highest glory of human life.

Over against this faith stands modern premillennialism. To the high hopes that stir our hearts it opposes its declaration: "We believe that it is for the safety, happiness, and comfort of all true Christians to expect as little as possible from churches under the present dispensation" (Introduction to Premillennial Essays, report of first "prophetic conference"). The new goals that are calling forth the devotion of men as they strive for a new world order of peace and brotherhood and a new industry that shall bring justice and democracy, these it brands as vain dreams that are opposed to the will of God. To the church it brings, not the summons to a holier life and a higher endeavor, but the hopeless verdict of present evil and increasing corruption. Such is the premillennial theory. Thank God, it is not Methodist theology.

Harold Franklin Hall

BYRON, THE REVOLUTIONIST

"THAT pale face is my fate!" exclaimed one who fell a victim to Lord Byron's personality; and among his contemporaries, men as well as women testify to the faultless beauty of his face. Says Scott, "As for poets, I have seen all the best of my time and country, and, though Burns had the most glorious eye imaginable, I never thought any of them would come up to an artist's notion of the character except Byron. His countenance is a thing to dream of." And Trelawney, the English soldier of fortune and companion of poets, writes concerning him: "He was jealous of the genius of Shakespeare—that might well be—but where had he seen the face or form worthy to excite his envy?" "His beauty was as haunting as his fame," says Jane Clermont, another of his victims. "All Europe was so enthralled with the magic of the man's very name that the sensation he made even discounted, to some extent, the sensation of Waterloo." Byron's fortunes and his misfortunes alike united to swell the tide of his popularity. Rank and genius and a nature richly fitted both to give and to receive joy fell to him by natural endowment, and, in large degree, it was these qualities that gave luster to his name and fascination to his personality. Byron possessed both a title of nobility and the gift of genius, and he was proudly conscious of his double claim to distinction. He never forgot, nor allowed others to forget, that he was "a lord among wits, and a wit among lords." Nor can it be doubted that he had many lovable and attractive qualities of character. There was a good side to his nature and this was not hard to elicit. His servants were devoted to him, and Dr. Joseph Drury, the head master of Harrow, won a lasting place in his affection. There is something, too, both noble and touching in the romantic ardor of his attachment to some of his schoolmates. At Harrow his dearest friend was Lord Clare. Only three years before Byron died he wrote, "I never hear the name Clare without a beating of the heart even now." He was brave, impulsive and, during his earlier life at least, open-handed. One day, at Harrow,

when a big fellow was cruelly fagging Byron's little friend Peel, Byron ran up with tears in his eyes and begged the ruffian to give him half of the blows. On another occasion he championed a boy named Harness, lame, like himself, and rescued him from the hands of his tormentor, saying at the same time, "Harness, if anyone bullies you, tell me, and I'll thrash him if I can." As an evidence of his generosity it is sufficient to allude to the gift of one thousand pounds which he gave to his Cambridge friend, Francis Hodgson, to pay off a debt that he had inherited. These and many like incidents reveal noble and ingenuous instincts in Byron that easily account for his popularity among those who knew him best, and that under more favorable surroundings might have largely counteracted the evil and malign tendencies that later dominated his life. Trelawney comes very near the truth when he says of Byron, "Bad company, called good society, spoiled and ruined him."

And just here it may not be inappropriate to say that bad company which was *not* good society—the company, namely, of his own father and mother—had much to do with spoiling and ruining Byron. Fortunately he never saw much of his father. That scapegrace died soon after he had squandered the last of his wife's fortune. But he left his evil influence upon the boy in the black and riotous strain of blood that he had transmitted to him, and the foolish and passionate mother was spared all too long to shame and torment him. Concerning her wretched influence over him no more explicit or pitiable comment could be made than that conveyed in the reply of Byron to a schoolmate who taunted him. "Your mother's a fool," said the boy. "I know it," was Byron's bitter retort. Along with his bad blood and his rank he inherited poverty; and this was a genuine misfortune to a noble lord of such pride and passion as Byron had. To this circumstance, and to the still more painful one of his physical deformity, the greater part of Byron's unhappiness and misanthropy are due. A penniless nobleman cuts but an ill figure in the world; and if he be doomed (still further) to hobble through life with clubbed feet he needs must have a sweet and genial temper and the happy faculty of occasionally forgetting himself. But, alas! Byron was proud,

sensitive to morbidness, and the possessor of a heart as hot and rebellious as ever throbbed in mortal breast. It would not avail to speak of the nature of his lameness, yet certain it is that his slight deformity was the tragic circumstance from which he could never free his mind. His unhappy marriage to Miss Milbanke attracted attention to him almost as baleful in its effects as his physical deformity. Then Byron's heroic and romantic death in Greece added its own luster and hallowing touch to a career marked throughout by passion and picturesqueness. From Greece he had borrowed the best of his early inspiration; to Greece he continually returned in imagination to kindle the fires of poetry and action; and it was fitting that in Greece he should render his proud spirit back to its Maker.

Byron's public career as a poet began with the publication in 1807, while he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, of a small volume called *Hours of Idleness*. There is a suggestion of truth and fitness in the title, whatever may be said of the contents. The poems are a little more insipid and uninspired than the average lucubrations of a budding poet, but they scarcely deserved such a savage onslaught as was directed against them by *The Edinburgh Review*. Byron published on the title page the statement that the author was a lord and a minor; and one feels that the wind might have been somewhat tempered to the shorn lamb. But it was the day of the tomahawk and scalping knife in literary criticism and Byron had to run the gauntlet with the rest. The extra glasses of claret that he took with his dinner the day that he read the review did not seem to afford him much relief, but he found some alleviation for his wounded feelings as soon as he began to get back at his tormentors in rhyme. "After the first twenty lines he felt himself considerably better." It was well, on the whole, both for Byron and for English literature, that the spirit of the sensitive young lord had been stung to the quick; for opposition always fired him and gave him effective command of his powers. It was so in this case. He struck back with right good zest, and, in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, administered to Jeffrey and his tribe a well-deserved lashing. Incidentally, too, the attack was instrumental in discovering to him the real source of his strength

as a poet. Byron was distinctively a satirist, as was more and more conclusively shown as he grew older, and it is in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers that he first pricks the crust and reveals the volcanic fires of sarcasm within. The blow of his critics awoke the stormy energy of his nature, so in the rapid, scornful, and energetic lines which he hurled alike at enemies, friends and neutrals we have the first suggestion of the poetic passion of his soul.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers was published in 1809; but the morning on which Byron woke up in London to find himself famous did not arrive until three years later, after his return from his eastern travels. He had kept a journal of his experiences and impressions in Spenserian stanzas of mingled description and narration, and it was this versified diary, given to the public in two cantos, under the title *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, that sent a thrill of excitement through the London clubs and drawing-rooms and set Byron's poetic star in the ascendant. The first edition was sold within three days, and other editions were rapidly called for. Critics have been puzzled to know just why the production should have created such a stir; for certainly readers of our day find nothing very wonderful in it. There are, though, good reasons why these first two cantos—inferior as they are to the third and fourth cantos—should have created a sensation. The poem dealt with fresh and genuine experiences and depicted new and romantic scenes. Its lines were alive and picturesque with the heaving sea and the freshening breeze; with the sparkle and sunlight of Spain; the blue skies and the rosy twilights of the Isles of Greece, the glamour of the Mediterranean, and the glory of Athens. There was mystery and magic, too, in the half-revealed, half-concealed personality of the author—a lord, an adventurer, a world-weary man though young. There were sentiment, and eloquence, and brilliant description in the book, and, in short, there were unmistakable marks of genius. In the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold*, written and published between May, 1816, and May, 1818, Byron attains his finest manner and his noblest sentiment, if we except passages in the dramas *Manfred* and *Cain* and the satire *Don Juan*. Many things conspired now to draw out the best poetic

powers of which he was possessed. He had grown in experience and knowledge of the world. Constant practice had resulted in greatly increased technical skill. The overwhelming revulsion of feeling against him on the part of the English public and the sense of outrage that burned in him as he thought of the private wrongs which he felt he had suffered aroused his energetic spirit to the highest pitch of emotional activity. He visited Waterloo, and was suddenly thrown into the midst of the wreck and ruin of what had been but a few months before the colossal theater of war. At the same time, about Lake Geneva, he came under the spell of the most beautiful and sublime scenery of Europe as well as into vital and refining contact with Shelley, one of the most poetic spirits the world ever saw, and still later the fascination of Italy and of Rome took possession of him. So in these cantos we find a rapid, spacious, and eloquent style. We breathe the very air of revolutionary Europe. We feel the touch of Shelley's sensitive and ardent spirit in some of the exquisite passages of nature description, and in others we mount with Byron's own stormy spirit to battle with the hurricane or stand amid the icy silences of inaccessible Alpine peaks and listen to the solemn thunder of the avalanche. Here, too, we feel the sway of the remote and imperishable past as we view the moldering relics of art, the decaying dust of empires, and the crumbling monuments that proud conquerors and kings once set up to perpetuate their names and their deeds to advancing generations. Waterloo, the Rhine, the Alps, Venice, the Coliseum, the Sea, and a score of art relics and hoary monuments are given memorable, adequate, and all but final poetic rendering.

It was during these years in Italy, too, that Byron essayed the drama. Like all other great modern English poets, he was deficient in some of the powers requisite for great dramatic writing. He had sufficient vigor and passion, but he was lacking in technical skill and the power to objectify himself in the creation of his characters. His nearest approach to supremely great dramatic work was in *Manfred* and *Cain*. Both of these productions created a great stir at the time they were published, and both contain much fine poetry. Neither, though, deserves high rank among the strictly dramatic productions of the English language. Both

Manfred and Cain are eminently Byronic, though it is nonsense to attempt to show that the deeds and the opinions of the heroes of these two productions had their counterpart in Byron's own life. They are actual dramatic creations, and however much their deeds and their opinions resemble the deeds and opinions of Byron they are not to be identified therewith. As Byron grew older his poetry waxed in wickedness and brilliancy. Don Juan is all ease and energy. Wit, beauty, and immorality enter into it in about equal proportion. In the light, reckless society satire, Beppo, Byron had returned with vastly heightened art to the youthful manner of his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and now, in Don Juan, he reveals this satirical gift in its highest perfection and utmost abandonment, and displays, whether by deliberate art or happy chance, for the first time the full originality, range, and versatility of his perverse but gifted nature.

Byron, if not the most noted, was the most notorious man of letters of his century. It now becomes us to estimate as well as we may the rank and worth and permanence of his fame. And there are three things in general that must enter into such an estimate: his style, his subject matter, and his personality.

Scott in one of his eulogistic references to Byron's poetry speaks of his "managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality." It is among the few weaknesses of Scott that he is somewhat inclined to bow the knee to men of quality. There are some liberties that even a man of quality may be expected to refrain from in literature—for example, liberties with the elementary rules of grammar. Indeed, Byron was habitually so slovenly, inelegant, and inaccurate as to detract greatly from the merit of his poetry. He was naturally passionate and impetuous, but naturally also uneven, showy, and declamatory. He not only made numerous slips in grammar, his sentence structure was frequently so awkward and obscure as to leave the reader in doubt as to his meaning. He was, too, often betrayed into faulty diction, execrable meter and rhythm, and crude mannerisms. He was lacking both in the fine artistic sense that instantly detects a false note in language or melody and in the conscientious patience that never falters or wearies until the soul eases itself in the luxury

of perfect sound wedded with perfect sense. But, while a large proportion of Lord Byron's poetry is irretrievably marred by such lapses in tone and taste, there is an equally large proportion characterized by a genuinely lordly ease and eloquence. His verse is usually swift, sure, and impetuous, like the plunge of the proud war horse when he sniffs the battle, or like "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone." In such passages he does exhibit "a careless and negligent ease" that is at once masterful and fascinating. His lines flow forward with boundless life and energy, yet without effort. There is brilliant diction and glowing imagery; there are sonorous periods and breadth and amplitude of thought. To be sure, there is more rhetoric than melody, more declamation than emotion. But it is stirring, glorious, and magnificent. We catch the author's own spirit of daring, and power, and freedom. Many such eloquent passages we find in *Childe Harold*, and *Manfred*, and *Cain*, and *Don Juan*, and occasionally even in the early romances.

But Byron occasionally rises to still another manner that is more than easy and careless, more than lordly, eloquent and thrilling—to a manner that is convincing, adequate, inevitable. In the presence of great objects and under the influence of great themes, forgetting himself wholly, he does sometimes utter with unconscious beauty, grandeur, and pathos sentiments that appeal to men universally, and utters them in a style that is sincere and faultless. It is impossible for a reader to mistake or misunderstand the supremely noble and inspired passages of a great poet. Indeed, the same sudden exaltation of spirit, the same sweet compelling torrent of emotion that flooded the soul of the poet when his spirit went out to meet and to embrace the great truth or ideal of beauty that was to embody itself in a form of enduring loveliness—these same emotions visit us as we come upon the envisaged ideal, and we instantly place the seal of ultimate and final approval upon it. It is only rarely in reading Byron that the soul of the reader is thus flooded with a sense of instant and perfect satisfaction, but in passages such as we find in *Childe Harold*, *Manfred*, and *Don Juan* we do experience almost the highest sense of æsthetic joy. How, for example, could poetry be more adequate than in the passage interpretative of the dying Gaul:

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto IV.

cxl.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away!
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother; he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unaveng'd?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

Or how could verse attain more consummate sweetness and gravity than in this quotation from Don Juan:

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parents' brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer;
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
 Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

Byron does not shine in the realm of pure thought. Says Goethe, "The moment he begins to reflect he is a child." "He taught me nothing that I had not again to forget," declares Carlyle.

He was not lacking in wit, or penetration, or intellectual force, but his view of life was fragmentary and destructive. He was deficient in knowledge, and in the broad and inclusive wisdom that comes from simple faith and goodness of heart. He had read history and biography and poetry and theology to advantage, but never in his life did he give severe attention to philosophical literature or devote himself to profound and prolonged reflection. He was too much a man of the world for this; too fond of pleasure; too proud, and vain, and eager for fame. So we must count him a poet of passion rather than a poet of intellect; and must not expect to find in him wisdom, originality of thought, a connected and illuminating world view. His influence was negative rather than positive; his mission destructive rather than constructive. He had traveled some and had observed not a little, and he had mingled to a considerable extent with men and women. He had communed with nature, too, and had entered with genuine love into many of her moods. But his travels were spectacular, his observation too often superficial and colored by personal egotism, his contact with society too much limited to the aristocratic and the base. The only society he knew much about was the kind of society that ruined him, and rejected him, and later felt the lash of his satire. He had little knowledge of the sane, orderly, and wholesome life that, after all, formed the substratum of English morals and English society in his age as it has in every age, and he had little association with the calm, clear, strong, and reverent minds either of England or of Continental Europe. As to nature, he turned to it, not with any mystic conception of its spiritual import, not as to a mother with power to teach, and heal, and inspire, but by way of contrast with the foul and fevered atmosphere of society—more frequently, perhaps, to find there the reflection of his own stormy, perturbed, and destructive moods. His religious creed was scepticism, or agnosticism, rather than atheism and denial, though he never came to any definitely formulated views concerning God and immortality. His social and political views were revolutionary and iconoclastic; his literary creed—contrary to his practice—classical and reactionary. The fact is, the greatness of Byron's poetic utterance is to be sought, not in its subject matter, but in its

spirit. To an almost unprecedented degree his personality entered into his poetry, for better, for worse. His strength and his weakness alike lie in his personality. He is shut up within his own hot and sullen heart, and is unable to pass either downward, to mingle easily and naturally with the happy throngs of men below, or to ascend up to commune with heaven and clasp God's healing hand. Yet this narrowness, this self-inclusiveness, this proud aloofness from man and isolation from God, result in an intensity and force of passion—just as rock-walled streams rush swiftest to the sea—almost unexampled in literature. He almost never forgets himself. He projects his own personality into every lyric, every tale, every drama, every satire that he pens. If he is not the hero of each of his productions, his hero is each time such a being as Byron would like to be, or might be, or would like to have people suppose him to be. He was master of a strange fascination over men's minds, and he well knew the art of keeping the attention of the public riveted upon him. But, sooner or later, the world tires of the most brilliant and versatile personality. Daring, genius, wickedness, even, at last palls upon the intellectual taste, and woe unto that author who has not at last something solid, universal, and impersonal to conjure with.

And there does seem to be one point, and one only in supreme degree, perhaps, at which Byron's own powerful and willful personality touches the universal and elicits a kindred emotion, though not an unqualified approval, from the breasts of all men. I refer to his regal and dauntless assertion of the freedom of the human spirit—the inalienable right of every man to the inviolable possession and expression of his own individuality. Sinful, selfish, and partial as was the soul of Lord Byron, he has, by his passionate claim to the inviolable control of and unqualified responsibility for that soul, enlarged our conception of the force, the uniqueness, and the dignity of human personality. We may not praise Byron's unhallowed course of life, nor his lack of reverence for Divine things, nor his imperious insistence upon the gratification of his own warped and tainted will, but we may exult with him in the consciousness which he has tended to strengthen that there is in human personality a positively unique, unmeasured, and uncon-

trolled power. There was, too, a true courage and nobility in Byron to endure and undergo and conquer, as well as to assert. He was somewhat given to boasting and to the spectacular display of his prowess in arms and his skill in athletic exercises, but his spirit never quailed when confronted by danger, nor grew craven at the thought of death or future retribution. He was always nobly master of himself in extremity, revealing an elevation of mind and resolution of spirit worthy of the highest admiration. He could upon occasion endure excruciating physical torture with stoic calm, and more than once he generously placed his own life in peril to protect or rescue another; and once, in imminent danger of shipwreck and death, when the seamen had given up all hope and the passengers were praying and weeping, and some fainting with fear and horror, he could calmly say, "Well, we are all born to die; I shall go with regret, but certainly not with fear."

It is in the light of Byron's personality, too, that we can best understand his relation to his age as the poet of revolution. Byron fell upon a reactionary age—an age of discontent, protest, and smothered revolutionary rage. The French Revolution had proven a nightmare and the progress of true liberty had suffered a disheartening repulse. The monarchical spirit in government, the spirit of authority in morals and religion and of sham and convention in society, had reasserted itself with crushing, blighting force. But, though enthralled and ground under the heel of tyranny, the sentiment of Freedom was still unsubdued throughout Europe; everywhere there was fierce, voiceless, futile protest, and for all this Byron became the eloquent and acceptable mouthpiece. He was a true poet of the age for this smothered spirit of liberty. So we see how natural it was that his fiery stanzas, biting satire, and fierce invective stirred Europe to clamorous applause and adulation. And, in justice to Byron be it said, he had at heart an intense and sincere desire to see true liberty made the permanent birthright of all men. He was the poet of revolution in his day, and the poet permanently of individualism and protest.

Frank C. Lockwood.

WYCLIFFE AND THE WORLD WAR

It is now six hundred years since John Wycliffe was born. The exact centenary will occur a year, or two years, hence, perhaps even more—nobody knows when. What we do know, however, is that this man seems to have held within himself the key to every great thought or noble impulse that has moved the world in modern times, and that to-day we are more than ever working toward the realization of his dreams.

Few great figures stand out on the page of history in such absolute loneliness. His early years are a blank and the student of his life is impressed by a strange absence of family connections. We know that he spent his best years in the tradition of Oxford and that he became incomparably skilled in dialectic. He was Master of Balliol, formed for a season a political alliance with John of Gaunt, and had some large part in the translation of the Bible that bears his name; but of the man himself we know almost nothing. Of personal interests he seems to have had almost none. He wrote thousands and thousands of pages, but always objectively—about the Papacy, the relations of Church and State, Wedded Men and Wives, but never about himself. His friends, such as he had, were bound to him primarily by an intellectual kinship. Ever was he the seer, the teacher, aloof from those he instructed. His very theory of liberty is more like the philosophical ideal of the French than the emotional impulse for freedom in America. Nevertheless he still remains the greatest exponent of liberty in the history of England—and the superlative is used advisedly.

He was ahead of his age and yet intensely of it. Professor Kittredge has reminded us of the peculiar "modernness" of the time into which he was thrown. The mature years of the reformer were cast in a period remarkable even in the history of England for the far-reaching effect of its events. Into the decade between 1375 and 1385 fell the work of the "Good Parliament," noteworthy for its original use of the power of impeachment, the death of the Black Prince, with all the politics attending that event; the Great Schism in the Papacy; the Peasants' Revolt;

Wycliffe's three trials, and his translation of the Bible. Almost every great social question that agitates us to-day was under discussion in 1382. The age was one of intense activity, of labor troubles, of change in the art of war, of radicalism in religion, of imperialism in Church and State, and even of "trouble in the Balkans." We cite just one instance of the liberalism of the period—the spirit of Oxford that did so much to make Wycliffe's resistance possible. When the reformer had incurred the disfavor of Gregory XI, the university was enjoined "for the future not to permit to be asserted or proposed to any extent whatever the opinions, conclusions and propositions which are at variance with good morals and faith," and to have "the said John" arrested and sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury or to the Bishop of London. The congregation, however, voted that it was illegal to arrest an English subject on the authority of a papal bull, "since that would be giving the Pope lordship and regal power in England." Such an attitude was not altogether new of course, nor was Wycliffe himself an unheralded phenomenon. Grosseteste and Bracton and Occam and Fitzralph had gone before him, and even his opposition to the orthodox position on transubstantiation had been anticipated, if not in England, on the continent at least, by Berengar of Tours as early as the middle of the eleventh century. His general questioning attitude, however, toward the function of the Papacy, his opposition to the exemption of ecclesiastical persons from lay control, and his insistence on the injury done to the clergy by its great wealth and by the abuse of the power of excommunication for political reasons, are to be accounted for only by the character and genius of the English people. From the reign of William I to that of Richard II history shows a series of contests or opinions that not only accounted for the parson of Lutterworth, but that are so interwoven that it is difficult to say where the influence of one ends and that of another begins. Outstanding as the forerunner, of course, was Grosseteste, who even in the thirteenth century was able to summon the great heart of England in his opposition to the "dispensations, provisions, and collations" of the Papacy; but the Great Schism of 1378 gave new force to those who questioned the authority of the orthodox establishment.

Even with his tradition, however, what was it that impelled Wycliffe to take the advanced position he did? What was it that led him to risk not only his standing but his life, and not only his life but his final appeal to history, on the issues of liberty and democracy? Nothing less than his unbounded faith in humanity. The root of the social question in his day was of course the economic problem; and the economic problem went back to the position of the Church, the greatest landholder in the world. First of all the Church had moved under the fine inspiration of a new faith. There was struggle; there was suffering. After three hundred years of the Christian era, however, such were its organization and its universality of appeal that it ceased to be on the defensive and became the state religion. Three hundred years more, and we witness it full blown as a great political institution. It dominated council-boards and kings. It grew rich. Men and women came into the fold, bringing their worldly possessions with them. Sometimes scores of slaves, or hundreds, would be given or won with a great estate. What then did the Church become in France, in England, but the greatest of feudal lords? And all the while, of course, it was exempt from taxation. What chance had the small farmer against such a competitor?

Side by side with the Church developed the aristocratic institution of chivalry. Knights went on the Crusades; and the Church, Feudalism and Chivalry became indissolubly linked in the domination respectively of the religious, the economic, and the social life of the western world. Never was an ideal more limited than that of chivalry. The knight might fight valiantly to win the rewards of courtly love; but for the worker in the fields he cared not at all. Ladyhood meant everything to him, womanhood little or nothing; and such were the ideals that dominated England for hundreds of years.

All this Wycliffe saw. The hypocrisy, the hollowness, of it all none knew better than he. He saw the Church dole out its pittance of charity to the hundreds of its poor when it really made paupers by the thousands. He knew that, wittingly or unwittingly, it was making for the degradation of the individual, and he knew too that no great landholding, slave-driving institution

could be truly representative of the Christ. Unless the very theory of the divine right of the Pope could be undermined he saw no hope for the slave. The images in the church, the candlesticks, the pilgrimages to the tombs of saints—all these things came to savor of idolatry to him. He might not have been the real inspirer of the rude rhymes of John Ball, but he certainly sympathized with them. How can we wonder that he recoiled at the idea that any drunken priest could by a word manufacture the body of Christ? At any rate he set himself against all the tradition of his age. When he formulated his theory of Church and State the religious dignitaries frowned. When he molded his ideas for the reforming of the Church itself the Pope commanded that he be silenced. When he moved still further, to an attack on dogma, even the common people considered him blasphemous, understanding him then least of all. He was willing to suffer, however, even when those whom he sought to help could not understand him—and this not simply on the narrow basis of patriotism, for he was soon at war with Urban VI as well as Clement VII.

Something of all that was wrong in the world the great Dante had seen and felt a hundred years before. In Wycliffe's own day Gower wrote his "*Vox Clamantis*," Langland cried in the wilderness, and Chaucer realized that the times were out of joint. Chaucer, however, refused to wear his heart on his sleeve, shrugged his shoulders and laughed himself into the second class of poets. Ever since the fourteenth century, however, the question has been revived: Do we really believe in democracy, in the full freedom of all men and women, and are we willing to act on our belief? The question was a vital one throughout the nineteenth century. Macaulay placed himself squarely on the side of the people, and Carlyle as sturdily represented the opposition. Garrison and Phillips and Sumner believed in the slave even before he had learned to believe in himself; and into the Civil War fell the great issue of democracy like that of free labor, free speech, and every other great question of politics or society. Professor W. E. Dodd has recently shown us in the *American Journal of Sociology* how the social philosophy of the old South crystallized into that

of an aristocracy that had to be defended at all costs, by churchmen and statesmen alike. In such a society Walter Scott naturally became the most popular author, for he best portrayed the snobbery that masqueraded under the name of chivalry. The whole system was built on one great fallacy, the denial of the freedom of the human soul. Not all men were to rule or vote, only those owning property. Not all were to be educated at public expense, while "hard labor was for those whose hands were hard." Thus was developed in the nineteenth century in the greatest republic in the world a feudalism that was from the standpoint of the serf quite as hopeless as that of the Middle Ages. Naturally it left a long train of abuses; but worst of all were the prejudices and fallacies that it left in men's minds. Even to-day some politicians and writers bewail the so-called grave error that forced Negro suffrage on the South—when there was no other logical course out of the dilemma. Ignorance and lack of culture might be temporary, a few years of training and opportunity could remedy them, but the principles on which the American republic was founded were to be eternal. This Sumner saw, and this Wycliffe would have seen had he been living in 1865. By the end of the Civil War, however, other grave social questions had already forced themselves on the attention of the American people. The great stream of European immigration had set in. By the tens, then the hundreds of thousands, and then at the rate of a million a year, we saw the poorer folk of Europe clasping America as the Promised Land. Before long the oppressed Jew, the unhappy Pole and the Southern Italian as well as the ignorant Negro had become a vital part of our population. Some of the older inhabitants glanced at the "scum of the earth" and moved uptown. More and more the newcomers gained a footing, and they very nearly took possession of both Boston and New York. "Out where the West begins," however, in Chicago—raw, noisy, material, odorous, but soulful Chicago—the work of Americanization went forward. There, somehow, a little more than in the East, the immigrant developed hope. His son became a captain of industry; his daughter graduated from the university. But the development was not to be unhampered. The agitator was present. The first

faith in the new country was sometimes undermined, and Chicago became the home of industrial unrest.

To-day we stand at the parting of the ways. The Germany that we fight is the very incarnation of autocracy—of mediævalism. For the freedom of the individual soul for which Wycliffe labored there is no place at all under a power that grinds everything under the crushing heel of militarism. Even her philosophers have shown us that they are not free to do their own thinking. As we go forth we need a faith in humanity—in the ultimate destiny of the republic—greater than the bounds of any mere race or section. The Revolution gave us independence; the Civil War gave us freedom; the great war now upon us is to make us a nation. Sometimes people are not so clean, so refined, or so learned as we are; but a little sympathy, a little patriotism, a little tact and intelligence can work wonders. Nothing now will serve for the new issues but insight, patience, and a genuine conception of democracy. As our sons or our brothers fought and fell in France, the same flag was over all. Its folds are broad enough to cover all. It knows no longer Anglo-Saxons, or Italians, or Negroes, or Jews, but AMERICANS; Americans working toward one end: the assurance of democracy, the triumph of human freedom, the salvation of mankind.

This is the message of Wycliffe to a nation and a world at war.

B. G. Brawley.

THE MAKING OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK"

THE prophet Ezekiel has described for us a vision which he had of a valley full of dry bones. In obedience to the divine command, he spoke to them. "And as I prophesied there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them." The prophet was then bidden to call upon the winds to animate the lifeless forms. "So I prophesied as I was commanded, and the breath came upon them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." If ever this miracle of the prophet's vision was repeated, it was when Browning took the dry bones of *The Old Yellow Book*, and with the breath of his genius made them live indeed, as the greatest English poem of the kind of the nineteenth century.

In his use of a source, Browning followed a common enough literary custom. Homer in the *Iliad* as Virgil in the *Æneid* made free use of myths, legends, and traditions which had for centuries been the common possession of a people. Much of the success of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* with their audiences was due to the fact that each wove his dramas around stories which every man in the audience had known from his childhood. What is the *Metamorphosis* of *Ovid* but the retelling by a skillful versifier of legends which had long gone the round of camp and hut and palace and study? The Old Testament alludes to books of ballads, unknown but for these allusions. No amount of inspiration was sufficient to release the sacred writers from dependence on source-material: Luke is not the only one who makes that confession. If there had been no *Thomas Aquinas*, patiently penning through the years his *Summa*, before him *Aristotle*, the Scriptures, and the body of tradition, there might very well have been no *Dante's Divine Comedy*, for the immortal poem is to a large extent "Aquinas in verse." Take from *Milton* all his vast accumulation of mediæval lore concerning the Fall of Man, and even his mighty-mouthed organ would be impotent to roll forth the reverberations of

a *Paradise Lost*. While plague swept Florence, Boccaccio entertained his friends in a nearby country villa by composing for them the *Decameron*, and few if any of the hundred stories are wholly original with the matchless story-teller himself. Not even Shakespeare's inventiveness extended so far as to the dispensing with all sources, and this is true not only of the professedly historical tragedies, but also of those plays where imagination and invention could have the fullest range. Take from Tennyson Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, and you take from him that which made materially possible *The Idylls of the King*. Shelley's genius came to its supreme expression in the lyrical drama of *Prometheus Unbound* and in the solemn tragedy of *The Cenci*, and the first is the dramatization of the ancient myth of Prometheus, and the second is the dramatization of the circumstances of an Italian murder-trial, of which Shelley learned through an old library manuscript. Superb creation though *Faust* is, it is creation by means of material already extant. Longfellow has put *Hiawatha*, *Miles Standish*, and *Evangeline* into our literature as permanent possessions, but if they owe something of their immortality to him, he also is indebted to them: what he did was to take the existent traditions and the history, and touch them into life and light with his magic wand.

Browning was therefore doing nothing at all unusual when he saw the possibilities of *The Old Yellow Book* and resolved to make use of them. But we should do him a grave injustice if we thought he was satisfied merely to rearrange and retell the contents of a stray volume, whose initial cost to him was about fifteen cents. The genius of Browning was revealed, as we shall see, in his use of the material: it was hardly less revealed in his swift intuition that the material would lend itself to such usage. Let anyone read *The Old Yellow Book*, made accessible by Hodell's fine photographic reproduction, and then ask himself by what miracle it became the ancestor of *The Ring and the Book*. Involuntarily he exclaims with Ezekiel, "Can these dry bones live!" The group of pamphlets which constitute the source possess on the surface little interest. A brief manuscript account of the trial was found in London by a friend of Browning, who made use of it as a secondary source. A

second manuscript account, which the poet never saw, was later unearthed in a library at Rome, bound up with a dozen other pamphlets dealing chiefly with famous criminal trials. One can never cease to marvel at the faith which believed these dry bones could be made to live—at the insight which discerned the angel in the unhewn block—at the artistic instinct which knew a potential ring of purest gold bidden in the rough fragments of ore. Few men would have had the patience to plod through so unpromising a volume. Browning must have read every word of the barbarous Latin and the amorphous Italian times without number, until every fact, every date, every character, every minutest detail, was at his complete disposal. Indeed, he says that he began such a study of it at once:

"From the book, yes; thence bit by bit I dug
The lingot truth, that memorable day,
Assayed, and knew my piecemeal gain was gold.

I fused my live soul and that inert stuff
Before attempting smithcraft, on the night
After the day when—truth thus grasped and gained—
The book was shut and done with and laid by."

He goes on to describe how he stepped out on the terrace in front of his house, and set himself to imagine the whole story. He saw it all, and though he did not yet see all that he would do with it, and though he was yet to doubt whether he would even do anything with it at all, what he saw was a germ destined to break forth at last in a glorious birth. And what did he see? He saw the self-satisfied Comparini, Pietro and Violante, living their comfortable life of eating and drinking and gossiping, and bestowing upon the child Pompilia such affection as they were capable of. He saw Guido Franseschino, paupered and ill-favored scion of an ancient house, soured by his fruitless time-serving of a Roman cardinal, planning with his more successful brother, Abate Paolo, a return to the ancestral home in Arezzo. He saw Abate suggesting that Guido retrieve his fortunes by marrying an heiress, and naming Pompilia as a possibility; saw the visit to the home of the Comparini, the ambition and the gullibility of Violante, the shrewdness and obstinacy of Pietro, the secret marriage—Pompilia

herself utterly unable to comprehend what it all might mean: "Remember I was barely twelve years old"—the anger of Pietro at being tricked, and the eventual agreement whereby the Comparini were to make over their means to Guido in return for care and residence in his Arezzo palace. He saw the growing tragedy of that unhomely home: its barrenness, its poverty, its wrangling; until in very horror of it Pietro and Violante fled back to Rome, leaving the child-wife to tread the wine-press alone. He saw the spirit of revenge taking possession of the soul of Violante, until she expresses it in the dramatic announcement that Pompilia is not her child at all, but the child of a common harlot; that she had carried through the deception partly because of Pietro's desire for a child, but chiefly because their fortunes were failing and the advent of a child would give them the use of considerable money; and that therefore—and in this old Pietro, himself, was especially active—steps could be taken to recover the dowry given to Guido with Pompilia, and perchance even to recover Pompilia herself. He saw the flame of passion leap up in Guido when the news reached him; his settling down to the one thing of pouring a steady stream of vitriolic hate into the very quick of Pompilia's soul; his vile machinations to ensnare her into infidelity that so he might both be rid of her and yet retain the dowry; the calm resistance of her exalted purity to his most cunning schemes, until the furnace of his hate became hotter by seven times than it was before; the heartless advice of the Bishop and the Governor to whom she told her story, and the selfish cowardice of the tearful monk who would help her and did not. All this, or at least what would eventually become all this, Browning saw that night as he stood on the terrace in Florence and looked out over the lights and the shadows of the city. And as he still looked, he saw that first meeting of Pompilia and Caponsacchi in the theater—the sad strange lady with the great grave grief-full face, the young priest, gay and debonair, but in his soul a potential greatness which waited but for the call of love to manifest itself in soldier-saintship; the swift transformation of the unresisting child-wife into a creature of resolve and action that April morning when she arose from her bed with the dawning sense of motherhood upon her. He saw her

challenge the manhood of Caponsacchi, "Take me to Rome from this inferno—I a wife, you a priest!" saw the hesitation of the priest, his final acceptance of the challenge, the grueling drive through half of one night, the next day, the next night, the day following, until at dark the endurance of Pompilia failed and four hours from Rome they made the fateful stop for rest. He saw the sudden arrival of Guido at early dawn, his confronting of the pair with the charge of adultery and flight, the swift leap which took Pompilia to the side of Caponsacchi as strong arms held him fast, her drawing of the priest's sword with which she surely would have thrust her husband through had not she too been overpowered—overpowered, as Caponsacchi was to say at the trial, not by men who were sons of mothers but by creatures in human form who had somehow been spawned. He saw that trial with its curious sentences, mingled of humor and understanding: Caponsacchi to spend three years at a quiet monastery, Pompilia to go to a convent, the House of the Convertites, and Guido, freed from the wife who on his own showing had so plagued him, to return home in peace. He saw Pompilia, expectant of her child, later removed to a villa near Rome and put in charge of repentant Violante and Pietro; saw the frenzy of rage and cunning hate which swept the soul of Guido when he heard of the birth of his son; saw him set out again at Christmas for Rome—at Christmas, be it noted—with vicious accomplices and in the city nerve himself for his plot; saw the five men creep up to the door of the villa after dark, and as the door was opened to their knock rush in and murder Pietro and Violante, and as they thought Pompilia. The speedy arrest and the ensuing trial for murder, the laborious efforts of lawyer Arcangeli preparing his speech for the defense of Guido, the insincere rhetoric and the legal quibbling of prosecutor Bottinius, the curiosity of those who speculated on the possible result—all passed before Browning's mind. As his vision, then and later, followed the suggestions rising out of the musty record, he saw the facts from all their varied angles: he saw them as they appeared to that half of Rome which sided with Guido, to the other half which sided with Pompilia, and to that *Tertium Quid* which flattered itself that it was judicially impartial. He saw them as they might be

set forth by Guido, Caponsacchi, and Pompilia respectively, and as they might be mangled and distorted by the legal mind, far less concerned to find the truth than to reveal its own cleverness and secure a favorable verdict. He saw the aged Pope, six and four-score years gone over him, sitting alone with his thoughts in the gathering dusk, considering the appeal which the condemned Guido had made from the verdict of the court. That Pope was to do good service as the Ring came to its shape.

In God's name! Once more on this earth of God's,
While twilight lasts, and time wherein to work,
I take His staff with my uncertain hand,
And stay my six and fourscore years, my due
Labor and sorrow, on His judgment-seat,
And forthwith think, speak, act, in place of Him—
The Pope for Christ. Once more appeal is made
From man's assize to mine: I sit and see
Another poor weak trembling human wretch
Pushed by his fellows, who pretend the right,
Up to the gulf which, where I gaze, begins
From this world to the next—gives way and way,
Just on the edge over the awful dark:
With nothing to arrest him but my feet.

And I am bound, the solitary judge,
To weigh the worth, decide upon the plea,
And either hold a hand out, or withdraw
A foot and let the wretch drift to the fall.

How will he judge? And at last, committed to the course of justice, the Pope—how unlike the Pope of Shelley's *The Cenci*!—reaches for a tablet and writes the irrevocable words:

" . . . On receipt of this command,
Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four
They die to-morrow: could it be to-night,
The better, but the work to do takes time.
Set with all diligence a scaffold up,
Not in the customary place, by Bridge
Saint Angelo, where die the common sort;
But since the man is noble, and his peers
By predilection haunt the People's Square,
There let him be beheaded in the midst,
And his companions hanged on either side:
So shall the quality see, fear, and learn.
All which work takes time: till to-morrow, then,
Let there be prayer incessant for the five."

He saw—perhaps not in all its details yet, but sufficient for a beginning—Guido in the condemned cell, cajoling his two priestly friends who had been sent to confess him, pleading with them to use their influence, unable to believe that he, a noble, and a son of the church, can claim no privilege, still pouring out that vitriolic hate of his against his dead child-wife, dead at his instigation—until, those steps on the stairs outside, the solemn chant of the Brotherhood of Death, the sudden realization by the criminal that his moments are numbered, and then—the surrender of all the bravado, the abject cry of fear, the virtual confession that all that he has said has been lies, and that final scream of agony by which he lifted Pompilia clear of all his foul aspersion, and crowned her saint:

Who are those you have let descend my stair?
Ha, their accursed psalm! Lights at the sill!
Is it "Open!" they dare bid you? Treachery!
Sirs, have I spoken one word all this while
Out of the world of words I had to say?
Not one word! All was folly—I laughed and mocked!
Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,
Is—save me notwithstanding! Life is all!
I was just stark mad!—let the madman live
Pressed by as many chains as you please pile!
Don't open! Hold me from them! I am yours,
I am the Grandduke's—no, I am the Pope's!
Abate—Cardinal—Christ—Maria—God. . . .
Pompilia, will you let them murder me!

Was that the "one instant" when even Guido "saw and was saved"? And still Browning looked out over the lights and shadows of the city and saw the end of the tragedy as it was described first by a chance Venetian visitor at Rome, then by advocate Arcangeli, and then by prosecutor Bottinius; and saw finally—without which, indeed, the story had been incomplete—the court give that "definitive verdict" in which was declared Pompilia's complete innocence, and the indisputable right of little Gaetano, her son, to be his mother's heir. This is the gold that Browning saw glinting in the sides and the crevices of the ore, the gold of which he said: "I will be goldsmith to it. I will add sufficient alloy to make it take hammer and file. The alloy will be my fancy, which

I will add to these facts—add, not to change the facts, but to give them their true meaning and to set them in their proper light. So will I make a ring, of rondure brave and lilled loveliness, all gold, and shapen by my art for her posy, hers, the dear dead Lyric Love.”

Browning was rarely satisfied to know merely *what* men and women did: he wanted to know also *why* they did it. This is the endless fascination of Browning: his revelation of the realities of the inner life. He leads us from the deed back to the doer, and he bids us estimate the deed not in its isolation and independence, but in its relation to what the doer fain would have done. It is a striking fact that this is the characteristic of many of the most common quotations from Browning. So young David says:

See the King—I would help him but cannot, the wishes fall through.
 Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
 To fill up his life starve my own out, I would, knowing which,
 I know that my service is perfect.

Where could the Old Grammarian be buried except high up on the mountain-side—fit symbol of the real exaltation of a life which to men seemed to have accomplished so little:

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it:
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit:
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.
 That, has the world here—should he need the next
 Let the world mind him!
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find Him.

So also the moral of The Statue and the Bust:

Let a man contend to the uttermost
 For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
 The counter our lovers staked was lost
 As surely as if it were lawful coin;
 And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
 Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
 Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.

Andrea del Sarto sat musing in the twilight—musing on how he

could have painted and did not, and so what he has done is as nothing, because it is less than his possible best. He can name twenty men whose pictures are poor daubs compared to his, but those twenty have what he lacks—"incentives that come from the soul's self":

 Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
 Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
 Enter and take their place there sure enough,
 Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
 My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.

But perhaps the best expression of this feature of Browning's creed is in Rabbi Ben Ezra:

 Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

 But all the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

 Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

The man who wrote like this was interested in men and women. For Browning was not a mere lyric poet, concerned supremely with his own emotions and their expression, although he wrote superb lyrics. Nor were his instincts solely those of the epic poet who sings the story of human achievement, although he often exhibits the true epic manner. But he was rather an essential dramatist. Even when his work does not take the dramatic form, it still reveals the dramatic touch. Thus, his monologues are always self-revelations: the man, whether he be a Duke criticizing his "last Duchess"

and bargaining for another, or whether he be a Bishop ordering his tomb, or whether he be a David coming to the place where he sees the Christ stand, or whether he be a musician interpreting a toccato of Galluppi's, or whether he be a lover who would ride with his beloved forever, or whether he be Childe Harold setting dauntless the slug-horn to his lips, or whether he be Fra Lippo Lippi trying to explain his presence in a dark alley after midnight—the man, whoever he is, speaks, and his speech lays him bare. The dramatist is always an analyst. He probes for the foundations of life. He traces action to its source. The degree in which he fails of this is the degree in which he fails of true drama. It was quite impossible, therefore, for Browning to be satisfied with the mere assemblage of the facts that came to stand out one by one so clearly in his mind. Yes: these are the facts, but what do they mean? This is the sad story, but what does it signify? This is the clash of human wills—but what precisely was the nature of those clashing wills, to what influences were those impacts subject, and by what mysterious forces were they finally controlled? Browning stood on the terrace that night and looked—looked until he saw fact fit to fact, and “how the round ran from Rome to Rome.” But he did not see everything that night: it is through much tribulation that even a poet enters the kingdom; it is through much breaking and reshaping of his clay that the potter gets at last the perfect shape; it is through the flame and the anvil that the craftsman from the rough ore obtains his ring, of rondure brave and liliated loveliness. Browning lived with the men and women of *The Old Yellow Book* until he knew them as Sophocles knew *Edipus*, or as Shakespeare knew *Iago*, or as Goethe knew *Faustus*. This Caponsacchi, who would risk his reputation, even his life, for a woman whom he hardly knew,—what manner of man was he? This child-wife, who turned only once, and then not for her own sake but for another's—what was she in very truth, adulteress or saint? This man who did murder, who confessed that he did murder, but who pleaded an all-sufficient provocation—what lay in the real heart of him? was he man or devil? This Pope who said, “Let the sentence stand!” when both halves of Rome expected otherwise—was he a cunning schemer looking for some ulterior

gain for himself, or was he of a truth (in this one regard at least) standing in the place of God, who understandeth man's thought afar off? Thus bit by bit those elements were discovered, and those lily touches were designed, which were destined at last to make the perfect ring.

Probably no writer ever assumed the risk that Browning assumed when he decided on the *form* his work should take, and when he wrought out that form as he did. The margin between complete success and complete failure was as narrow as it could well be. There was no certain guarantee that "the British Public—God love it!"—would possess sufficient patience to find out whether the completed work was a ring or a piece of slag. It was a serious enough thing to write a poem of five hundred pages; it was a much more serious thing to write it in the form of a dozen different accounts of the same general facts. Browning not only conceived so audacious a plan but he also executed it in such a way as to place himself among the immortals by the result. He chose the method, so he says in the conclusion, in the interest of true Art, which would present facts not in their particular but in their universal aspects. Let us admit that *The Ring and the Book* is full of the characteristic Browning faults. There are places where one holds the thought only by strong effort. One goes warily into the maze of lawyer Arcangeli's preliminary disquisition, and would not be ungrateful for some Ariadne's skin of scarlet thread, the same to take the form of a Latin lexicon. Few styles are more difficult, either for the writer or for the reader, than the extended monologue, and this is the character of much of *The Ring and the Book*. There are frequent philosophical digressions, for Browning was ever a thinker, and it is not always easy to comprehend the point. The poem is of great length, yet it is as spare of words as are Bacon's Essays: thoughts are packed into sentences which threaten to burst with the strain that is on them. Such severity of language and such subtlety of thought as are here are high art: but it is art for strong men, not for babes. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou read *The Ring and the Book*. Only if thou hast great courage shalt thou come at last to the Dark Tower. Only if thou wilt face the hail and blinding fire-balls, sleet and

stifling snow, shalt thou in good time arrive. Not if thou stand shivering on the edge of the boat, but only if thou plunge, striking hard and going deep, shalt thou find the pearl. "Festus, I plunge!"

It was just said that the book contains frequent philosophizings. That is only a part of the truth. The whole truth is that the book itself is a philosophy. It was written at the time when Browning was at the very height of his intellectual powers. All else that he ever wrote could be lost: if this were left, the world would still have his essential message. All that he ever did before was in preparation for this; and all that he ever did afterward had necessarily to be judged by this. It has often been pointed out that *The Ring and the Book* marks the stage at which Browning the poet began definitely the transition into Browning the philosopher. Many regret that he made the transition, but it is to be questioned if the world really lost anything by it. It was no bad thing that a poet should be also a philosopher, and if you say that he was no poet but a philosopher posing as a poet—well, it was still no bad thing that a philosopher should cast his truth in poetic molds. Far more important than the question whether Browning was poet or philosopher, or both, is the question of what he had to say. It is small matter to one who hears from an English glade on a quiet night the thrilling note of the nightingale whether the bird be brown and shy or bold and gaily colored: it is the "eternal passion" and the "eternal pain" of the song that arrests attention. Browning had somewhat to say to men, and he said it. What he said constitutes him a philosopher as profoundly Christian as any that his century produced. All the essentials of his philosophy are to be found in *The Ring and the Book*. Such convictions as these, namely, the identity of love and virtue; the identity of hate and sin; life as just a man's chance of the prize of learning love; the all-sufficiency of motive and purpose to determine one's place in the moral scale; the impossibility of God's purpose of love being ultimately defeated; personality as fundamentally self-determinative of its own character and destiny, so that it is at least the potential master of its own circumstances—such convictions as these are the foundation pillars of Browning's

philosophy, and upon them is erected the structure of this his greatest work. It is a philosophy of optimism, but an optimism reached by a deeper reading of those same facts to which less penetrating minds give a pessimistic interpretation. Pessimism is never possible to a man who, like Browning, seeks to be true to the total human experience. Optimism may be reached either by the way of so-called Christian Science, which is optimistic because it can call black white, and because it can look at the dreadful facts of human life and declare that it sees nothing at all; or, it may be reached as Browning reaches it—by a frank recognition of the undoubted evils of life, allied to a faith that evil is the intended minister of good, silence implying sound, the discord that rushes in just that the harmony might prevail. This is the optimism of *The Ring and the Book*. All those facts which make the history of Italian Catholicism such sad reading are recognized: the holowness of it, the hypocrisy of it, the opportunity it offered to men for personal aggrandizement. Recall the advice of the Bishop to young Caponsacchi when he hesitated to assume the priestly vows because he doubted he could keep them:

I stopped short awe-struck. "How shall holiest flesh
Engage to keep such vow inviolate,
How much less mine? I know myself too, weak,
Unworthy! Choose a worthy stronger man!"
And the very Bishop smiled and stopped my mouth
In its mid-protestation. "Incapable?
Qualmish of conscience? Thou ingenuous boy!
Clear up the clouds, and cast thy scruples far!
I satisfy thee there's an easier sense
Wherein to take such vow than suits the first
Rough rigid reading."

"Nobody wants you in these latter days
To prop the Church by breaking your back-bone."

"Renounce the world? Nay, keep and give it us!
Let us have you, and boast of what you bring."

Recall Abate Paolo and Canon Girolamo—scoundrels whose depravity was only less than that of Guido himself. Recall the advice of the Archbishop at Arezzo to the heart-broken Pompilia

when she revealed to him her husband's cruelty and Girolamo's evil solicitation:

When I sought help, the Archbishop smiled,
Inquiring into privacies of life,
—Said I was blameable—(he stands for God)
Nowise entitled to exempting there.
Then I obeyed—as surely had obeyed
Were the injunction, "Since your husband bids,
Swallow the burning coal he proffers you!"
But I did wrong, and he gave wrong advice
Though he were thrice Archbishop—that, I know!
Now I have got to die and see things clear.
Remember I was barely twelve years old. . . .
So, home I did go; so, the worst befell:
So, I had proof the Archbishop was just man,
And hardly that, and certainly no more.

Recall her later plea to the Roman friar at Arezzo to write to her parents: his ready promise; his failure to keep it out of fear for himself. Recall the action of the nuns of the House of the Convertites, who praised Pompilia's virtue so highly while she was with them, and then, on her death, sought possession of her estate on the ground that she had not been proved innocent. Recall the early part of the Pope's soliloquy, in which he reviews some of the actions and judgments of his predecessors, and indirectly brings to light how fallible they could be, how selfish, how hateful. Was ever such an indictment of institutional Christianity as we have in these pages! It would satisfy a Luther and leave a Newman nonplussed. Pessimism indeed, for here is rottenness at the very heart of that which claimed to be divine! But there is something more. If the church was so cruel to Pompilia, Pompilia was yet a child of the faith of that church. Here is an extract from *The Old Yellow Book*, from that section which contains the testimony of Fra Celestino, an Augustinian monk who was with Pompilia during her last hours: "I say and attest on my priestly oath, in the presence of the God who must judge me, that to my own confusion I have discovered and marveled at an innocent and saintly conscience in that ever-blessed child. During the four days she survived, when exhorted by me to pardon her husband, she replied with tears in her eyes and with a placid and compassionate voice:

'May Jesus pardon him, as I have already done with all my heart.' . . . She has died with strong love for God, with great composure, with all the sacred sacraments of the church, and with the admiration of all bystanders, who blessed her as a saint." (Hodell's translation, pp. 45-46.) Browning accepts this and much like testimony without hesitation: Pompilia, a child of the church, most cruelly used at times by this church, yet lives and dies in its faith, and appears in all she does the perfect saint. If Caponsacchi entered the priesthood with mental reservations respecting his vows, Caponsacchi was yet a priest—shall we say most truly priest?—in that hour when he rose to the height of his great achievement. And if the church on the whole seemed to be callous and indifferent, by whom was it but by the earthly head of that church that justice was in the end made possible? We should mark it well: Browning here indicts the church, but he exhibits the church he indicts producing a Pompilia, a Caponsacchi, a Pope Innocent. That is the meaning of the statement that Browning was an optimist who reached his optimism without ignoring facts dark and tragic. So too of the law. Where is there a more merciless revelation of the motives and methods of those who are set in the world for justice than in the books which deal with Arcangelis and Bottinius? But the significant fact remains that every verdict given in *The Ring and the Book* is a just verdict. He who would wish to do so might take the experiences of Pompilia and Caponsacchi in proof of the thesis that in a world like this virtue does not pay. What was it but her very goodness that involved Pompilia in her tragedy? What was it but his championship of an oppressed woman that brought woe to Caponsacchi? So it would seem, but so it did not seem to Browning. To Pompilia, the love that came with her brief motherhood, and the love that came for Caponsacchi, unexpressed, yet deep as life and wide as heaven and lasting as immortality—this love redeemed every hateful look, every evil word, every cruel blow that had made her life a *Via Dolorosa*. And so, as she lay dying, she could speak of

The heart and its immeasurable love
Of my one friend, my only, all my own,
Who put his breast between the spears and me.

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O lover of my life, O soldier-saint,
 No work begun shall ever pause for death!
 Love will be helpful to me more and more
 I' the coming course, the new path I must tread—
 My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong for that!

How holily he dared the deed!
 And for the rest—say, *from the deed no touch*
Of harm came, but all good, all happiness,
 Not one fleck of failure! Why explain?
 What I see, oh, he sees, and how much more!

He is ordained to call, and I to come!

And if anything more is needed in proof of the ineradicable optimism of this book, let it be afforded by the fate that overtook Guido. Browning does not represent Guido as a soul irrevocably lost; he represents him as still able to see, in one instant flash, God and his truth, and by that vision begin his salvation; he represents him as a soul who will yet be made, even though it involve that he be first unmade; and he represents the unmaking of him, not as waiting until after death, but as beginning here in that moment when the wretched man, confronted by the specter of death, confessed his sin, and called on Pompilia—on Pompilia, be it said—to save him!

So by his art, Browning takes the prosaic documents that report a law-court proceeding, and transforms them into a philosophy of life. He takes the commonplace, and in the commonplace he finds the eternal. At his call beauty comes forth from where there seemed nothing but the repulsive. What bade fair to be a triumph of all evil becomes an attestation to the indestructibility and the supremacy of good. Holiness walked unscorched through the very fires of hell. Crime protected itself behind a barrier of hoary privilege, but God's hand struck, and the barrier was as gossamer. And thinking of Pompilia, Caponsacchi, and the great good Pope, we make our own the words of the dying girl:

... Through such souls alone
 God stooping shows sufficient of his light
 For us I' the dark to rise by. And I rise.

Edwin Lewis.

VALUES AND VALUATIONS

THE question of life is one of interpretation and emphasis. It is an understanding of values, which discerns the permanent in the passing, which discriminates between what is of relative importance, and gives attention to what is really worth while. Jesus was silent on many subjects of social, political, and theological interest because he desired to stress that which was fundamental and which had to do with the root causes of progress. When he said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," he announced what was of momentous consequence, but in doing so he did not depreciate nor repudiate the lesser benefits. This kingdom, as he understood it, has bearings on the whole of life. It is an *ideal* which makes clear the supremacy of God everywhere and insists that we must find room for him in all our interests. It is an *influence* which imparts a sense of the realized presence of God, with whom there is fellowship in the unity of life. It is a *spirit* giving motive and power to those who make a loyal surrender to God. It is an *inspiration* which furnishes vital energy, to create a social order making for righteousness, not of one but of many, and ultimately of all. The kingdom of God is not an imperialism of force but of faith. It is superior to nationalistic barriers and receives into its generous fraternity all souls who are animated by the passion for justice, which insists on rights for the sake of right and the furtherance of the common good. Jesus set forth the program of the kingdom at Nazareth as one of mercy and grace. He announced its principles in the Sermon on the Mount, as love to God and love to man, capable of redeeming and renewing every economic condition. He expounded its progress in memorable parables, which enforced the truth that, in spite of interruption and distraction, it was bound to advance and expand, and finally bring every state of life under its captivating control. He committed its propagation to his followers who were to "make disciples of all the nations." Their constant prayer, "Thy kingdom come," was not to be a pious wish but a strenuous endeavor to realize its achievement on a world-wide scale.

The phrase "the kingdom of heaven," used almost wholly by Matthew, means the kingdom of holiness and happiness. The other phrase, "the kingdom of God," found in Mark and Luke, brings home the truth that without God there cannot be this twofold blessings; while the phrase "eternal life," in John's Gospel, brings out the thought of spiritual experience signified by the other two expressions. What is this but an emphasis on character as distinct from circumstances? It is not a matter of wealth but of well being, with a concern for truth rather than for territory. In the Beatitudes, Jesus began by congratulating those who *are* worthy by reason of their godly character and he ended by referring to those who *do* and whose deeds advertise their filial and fraternal conduct. This is a kinship which is graciously inclusive. Whatever interpretation life makes for the welfare of the human race finds hospitable welcome, and all that is required is that it show its credentials, which must be in harmony with the spirit that advances the greatest good of the largest number. It is an outlook of universality and not of uniformity. Differences of opinion are of secondary importance, and they can be tolerated if this opulent ideal of the kingdom is accepted, applied and assimilated, in earnest allegiance to its purpose to bring the whole of life under the sway of its lustrous influence. We have been dominated too long by other ideals. The militarism of Rome, the culture of Greece, the commercialism of Tyre represent three of the commanding ideals of civilization, which, down to our day, have stirred the imagination, secured the support, and won the plaudits of the peoples of the earth. But they have proved to be ineffectual and have brought neither purity nor peace. Why should we not give a fair trial to the idealism of Jesus Christ? Instead of shirking the issue and implying that the enterprise is hazardous, let us come out of the caves of conventionalism and compromise and begin to practice that which we have vainly professed. The blood of eight millions of our brothers and the desolations of a multitude that no one can number, call upon us to make this holy experiment without further delay. The filibustering of politicians, the dogmatizing of diplomats, the generalizings of commercial magnates and industrial leaders, the evasions of ecclesiastics, conspire to postpone an im-

partial trial of the ideal of Jesus, which must be appreciated and received on its own merits. And what gives it such opalescent distinction is the fact that it appeals in a luminous and liberal way to every class and condition. This ideal of the brotherhood of man touches all phases of thought and life because it is based on the Fatherhood of God and the Saviourhood of Jesus Christ. It was through lack of vision and decision that the nations have repeatedly plunged into disasters, the latest being the greatest of them all. A vision of the reign of God and of the responsibility of men everywhere is our present most urgent need. We can receive it only as we have courage for such consecration and consistency, that takes no counsel with expediency nor consorts with patchwork and makeshift methods, nor permits of policies that crush principles and produce a condition of ethical and spiritual anæmia.

The demand then is for a higher standard of values which insists on the highest state of excellence. This is out of the question, unless we reckon with God, "the Spirit of the Whole." God and his kingdom of righteousness must be the corner-stone of our life. If we accept the control of God over every sphere, and realize that the companionship of God is the prerogative of everyone, we shall not hesitate to make the venture of faith and the advance of hope, and thus secure the conquest of love. To play for safety is not worthy of those who espouse the idealism of Jesus, and besides, such a course is hardly commensurate with the crying necessities of our tortuous times. One lesson that history teaches with the greatest impressiveness is that wherever God has been recognized and his authority accepted, men have enjoyed the best prosperity. Man was made for God and without him he will ever remain dissatisfied. Just as the fish when taken out of its native element will die, so also the spirit of man will become impoverished and perish, if he does not breathe the pure atmosphere of the presence of God. "Thou seemest to thyself rich, and if thou hast not God, what hast thou; thy neighbor seems poor, but if he has God, what has he not?" In these words of Saint Augustine we have an emphatic declaration of what is most worth while. The urgency of the kingdom of God was repeatedly advocated by Jesus

in startling sentences which reveal the spirit of the prophet and the poet. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence take it by force" (Matt. 11. 12). The greatest benefaction of life is here compared to a city attacked by a party of besiegers, who are determined to capture it at any cost. It is a picturesque way of describing the intense zeal and passionate earnestness of those who see the vision of its beauty and are intent on possessing it for themselves. The original reference was to the publicans and sinners, from whom the benefits of godliness and goodness had been withheld by the Pharisees, whose conceptions of religion were warped by the traditional perversions of ecclesiastical dogma. These men thought of the religious life in terms of ritual precisions, while Jesus, with the unction of the greatest prophet, proclaimed its essence in terms of spirituality.

What Jesus offered the world was a new point of view, which gave a better perspective of the manifold relationships of life. The emphasis was shifted from the individualistic to the collective basis, which nevertheless conserved the genuine gains of the individual and increased his worth by placing him in a larger context. And yet the transition was made without any scattering of power and influence, because the individual and social aspects were regarded as complementing and not contradicting each other. The religious spirit was thus shown to be more realistic and less dogmatic, more positive and less negative, and one that makes more of spiritual and less of institutional tests. Religion became humanized and was also deeply moralized and spiritualized. The self-inclosed type of piety, with its ascetic bias, was supplanted by a self-inclusive type of piety, which considered the needs of others and tested its character by the extent of its beneficial effects. Such a piety was static, in the sense that it was stable because well founded in God; it was also dynamic, in that it was an operating and operative power for an all-round righteousness. Fanaticism is due to defective perspective; and so it has come to pass that the very conscientiousness of people, who have zeal without knowledge, has been a menace both to themselves and to others. "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light" (Matt. 6. 22). Sincerity alone is not enough; there must also be discernment which sees straight,

without a squint, and takes note of every related issue. We have heard it said that if we take care of the little things, the great things will take care of themselves. This is a fallacy. "The victories of faith have commonly been won by the proclamation not of a bare minimum, but rather of things strange and unlikely and hard to believe because they are so full of God" (Macgregor, in *The Expositor*, December, 1919). As Canon Barnett put it forcibly: "It is not so much sin as triviality which most hides God. People are like the woman in Ibsen's play who cared only for her dolls. Their business, position, appearances, schemes, are their dolls. The new discoveries, new duties, new dangers of the age, its warnings and prophet voices, go unheeded from this absorption in the trivial" (*Life*, vol. ii, p. 198). Let us guard against the tendency to become so immured in details, immersed in mint, anise, and cummin, that we practically lose sight of the weightier matters of judgment, and mercy, and faith. Rather take care of the big issues and let minor matters shift for themselves or go to the wall. We must disown the species of provincialism which thinks in terms of the village and not of the city, the nation, and humanity. The rural outlook is hopelessly inadequate, and in its place we should have the world view, which preserves the sanctity of personality and nationality. This is not found in individualism which magnifies the individual at the cost of society; nor is it in socialism which suppresses the individual in favor of the crowd; nor in patriotism which calls for devotion to one's country in disregard of other countries; nor is it even in internationalism which surrenders the life and traditions of the nation into the hands of a group of nations. It is found only in independence, established on the broad and deep foundations of a large self-respect, which not only thinks of itself but also recognizes the rights and responsibilities of all. Such a view moreover is inspired by the truth and spirit of brotherhood, which is the only hope of our distracted race. We thus come back to the scale of values and the method of valuations suggested in the Master's teaching on the kingdom of God. Indeed, we do not have to originate nor to exaggerate in order to find out what is decisively fundamental. It is given in its intrinsic excellence in the New Testament, but we must interpret anew its final

verdicts and apply them searchingly and fearlessly to our complications.

We recall with grateful satisfaction the heroism of our nation in consecrating all its resources to the exacting task of winning the war. It seemed as though we had changed overnight, from extravagance to economy, from frivolousness to seriousness. All party lines were obliterated, distinctions between classes were forgotten, rich and poor were united, and the whole nation became consolidated and solidified, by the whole-souled determination to exterminate the fiend of militaristic autocracy, and to give a fair and open field for the practice of democracy throughout the world. We insisted that the law of the tiger and the jungle must no longer prevail and that force should be subordinated to the higher interests of humanity. We keenly realized that it was a struggle between two civilizations—of order and progress and of chaos and brute force; between two ideals—of faith and freedom and of fatalism and slavery; between two empires—of brotherhood and spirituality and of tyranny and materialism; between two methods—of cooperation and strength and of competition and weakness. When the Greeks met the Persians, when the Romans faced the Goths, when the Christians confronted the Saracens, the same issue was faced, on a small scale, that was met by the Allied Nations when they crossed swords with the Central Powers. The result in every instance was in favor of the cause of truth, justice, and liberty. No one who had read history with an unbiased mind and trusted God loyally, could have doubted for a single moment what would be the outcome of the last conflict. It was therefore not surprising that in the hour of our emergency the whole nation, including men, women, and children, responded with unbounded enthusiasm. It is well to recall these things because they compelled us to alter our values of life. Our valuations were determined by the needs of the war. We learned that there were things of even greater value than life itself, and we understood, as never before, that the words put into the mouth of Satan, in the book of Job, express the sentiment of fiendish selfishness, and betray the spirit of the slacker and the coward. It never has been true that "all that a man hath will he give for his life," because liberty, justice, truth, and love are

greater than life, and he who is without these noble virtues merely exists in vanity and emptiness, knowing nothing of the true life which abounds in deeds of daring rectitude. The peril of distraction also came home to us as the urgent summons was heard, insistently calling us to do the one thing needful, and let everything else be set aside for the period of the war. The apostle Paul knew the spirit of warfare and the demand for hardship, when he reminded Timothy that "no soldier on service entangleth himself in the affairs of this life; that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier" (2 Tim. 2. 4). He was not a "victim of miscellany," who had many irons in the fire, but not one ready to be hammered into shape. What was true of the men in the training camps and the soldiers at the front was equally true of those in the backline trenches, the legions at home, in the ship-yards, the munition plants, the coal mines, the liberty loan drives, the Red Cross auxiliaries, and in the hundred and one other activities without which the war could never have been won. They all alienated themselves from everything that interrupted their devotion to the cause or that interfered with the prompt prosecution of their duty, and in a manner which said "This one thing I do" they assembled all their talents, possessions, and energies, in a spirit of undoubted consecration. And thus victory was achieved.

The kingdom of God can be established and advanced only as we manifest the same spirit of loyal enterprise and give sacrificial devotion to its entrancing interests. During the war mere conventionality was regarded as a form of stupidity, and all precedents were flung to the breezes, when principle called for initiative and adventure. Likewise, the claims of God should determine the character of our activities. Whether we deny ourselves or spend ourselves, it must be in relation to the extension of the kingdom of God. What the soldier gives up when he goes a warfaring, what the artist foregoes for the perfection of his art, what the scientist surrenders for the advancement of knowledge, what the patriot sacrifices on behalf of his country, that the disciple of Christ must do, with intensity of spirit and with eagerness of purpose, for the glory of God.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews presents a galaxy

of faithful men and women, who braved opposition, endured nobly and persevered zealously, because of their faith which enabled them to see beneath the surface shows of things and to adjust themselves to the challenge to perform heroic exploits for God and man. This list of brave and buoyant souls can be indefinitely extended from the annals of every nation and from the ranks of every state of life. Their appeal to us is that we continue and complete what they began. Whatever our methods might be, which perforce will be dictated by our altered circumstances, let us see to it that we show the same spirit of honor towards truth with a readiness to strip ourselves of every handicap that weighs us down, and to cast off every hesitation that entangles us like the clinging folds of the ancient athlete, that so we might run our appointed race steadily, our eyes fixed upon Jesus, the Pioneer and the Perfecter of Faith. There were cynics who doubted that men and women in these modern days were capable of unlimited sacrifices. No one believes in recklessly throwing away life, but when the occasion merits it the consecration of life, even unto death, is justifiable, as the missionaries of the church have repeatedly demonstrated. The same courage that was shown by the Pilgrims three hundred years ago, by the American Revolutionists about one hundred and fifty years ago, by those who struggled in the Civil War nearly sixty years ago, was also shown by their sons and daughters during these recent years of travail. We have confidence in Christian human nature to believe that if the cause of God is in peril recruits will come forward without hesitation or delay. We do not believe that the kingdom of God will ever be destroyed by the enemy, but the extension of its gracious influence can be delayed by the indifference of its friends. Jesus often warned his disciples against spiritual sloth and negligence, and exhorted them to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation. Many whose lives were spent in ennui and listlessness found themselves by taking up some war work. Many of the boys returned home in better physical condition because of the stiff regimen to which they were subjected. The discipline was for the sake of the morale, and it braced them for the struggle. We need the discipline of richer values and of sterner valuations that our

lives may be adequately occupied, in harmony with the lustrous and mandatory claims of Christ.

The undeveloped resources of the church await the arrival of a leadership that is marked by discernment and discrimination, which will make demands, in the name of Christ, upon every sphere of life, without the bias of partisanship or the bane of partiality. "The world is looking for guidance, but the guide must be one who has the courage to discard what is obsolete and the insight to create what is new" (Streeter, in *The Spirit*, p. 367). The church has been severely criticized, not without reason, but it is beside the mark to say that similar criticism has been directed against the present social system. It is an easy matter to generalize in times of excitement, but this sort of random speech only confuses counsel and does no good. Facile explanations are really evasions which postpone the day of settlement. This spirit of speculation, under the influence of the deductive method, has been superseded by the spirit of inquiry in accord with the inductive method, and we are learning that the controversial temper and process must be checked by what is fraternal. Satisfactory conclusions can be reached only after we patiently obtain extensive and exhaustive evidence from first-hand sources. If some facts lead to the gloom of pessimism, other facts, equally important, make us optimistic. The claims to an exclusive monopoly of truth reflect the corporate arrogance of a church lost in the mists of traditionalism. Such an attitude is impatiently resented by our matter-of-fact age. The achievements of the apostolic church were due to the emergence and exhibition of the fellowship through the pentecostal Spirit, which gave the believers a "community of spirit issuing in community of life" (Anderson Scott, in *The Spirit*, p. 132f.). The church is still the unique agent for the spread of the worldwide kingdom of God. "Paradoxical as it may seem, the influence of the Christian Church on human history has been so vast and so pervasive that it is easy for superficial thinking to ignore it" (*The Army and Religion*, p. 300). But a similar superficial thinking should not permit us to take things for granted and to assume that what is must be. We do not have to follow free lances, whose torches go out just when light is most needed; nor should we be satisfied with the standpoint of

expediency that virtually discards Christian principle. "True idealism does not deny the realities but illuminates them." We must face the facts of evil and of good with the passion of candor, thoroughness, and calm, determined that we shall take no shelter in threadbare panaceas, and not rest until we have obtained a complete view of life in all its manifold actions, reactions, and interactions. Dean Inge writes in his challenging way: "It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilization; it is civilization which has destroyed itself because it has honored Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from him." (*Outspoken Essays*, p. 265.) The call is for reconsideration with a view to reorganization, and the process requires us to begin from the bottom up. The church must do its own thinking and justify its place of leadership, in the name of Jesus Christ, who is the only Solvent and Solution. He awaits us at the dawn of the new day, and his creative Spirit is capable of guiding us through all the tortuous paths that lead to the City of our God. Have we the courage of faith to brave every risk; have we the boldness of conviction to take the initiative; have we the abandon of sacrifice to witness to the truth, even to the subversion of cherished but incomplete conceptions; have we the utter consecration to the living Christ, which relies on him alone and is resolved at any price to secure the crown for him, the "Adorable Monarch of all the Future"? *Veni Creator Spiritus.*

Oscar L. Joseph

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN LONGFELLOW'S POEMS

To one who loves both Longfellow and the Bible the study of the allusions and quotations taken by the poet from Holy Writ has a certain charm. Longfellow's references to the Bible are varied, apt, reverent, and numerous. So numerous are the references that this present study is confined to the Old Testament alone. For the convenience of the reader the references are arranged in the order of the books of the Bible to which they refer. The list does not profess to be complete, but it is typical. References to poems on distinctly Bible topics have been omitted. No fewer than twenty books are referred to, the chief omissions being from the minor prophets.

It is not strange that Jacob's vision and the willingness of Abraham to sacrifice his son should be favorite themes for reference, but many of the themes, although never seeming inappropriate, are much less obvious.

GENESIS

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

—A Gleam of Sunshine. Gen. 28. 10-15.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

—Evangeline. Gen. 28. 12.

Wild with the winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.

—Evangeline. Gen. 28. 10-22.

Have you read it—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?
How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

—Sandalphon. Gen. 28. 10-15.

Son of the Church! when Abraham of old
 To sacrifice his only son was told,
 He did not pause to parley nor protest,
 But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.
 In him it was accounted righteousness;
 The Holy Church expects of thee no less!

—*Tales of a Wayside Inn (Torquemada)*. Gen. 22. 1-14; Gal. 3. 6.

When Abraham offered up his son,
 He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.

—*Tales of a Wayside Inn (Torquemada)*. Gen. 22. 3.

As Abraham offered long ago
 His son unto the Lord, and even
 The Everlasting Father in heaven
 Gave his, as a lamb unto slaughter,
 So do I offer up my daughter!

—*The Golden Legend*. Gen. 22. 1-14; Isa. 53. 7.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
 From the morning of his birth;
 On him alone the curse of Cain
 Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
 And struck him to the earth!

—*The Slave in the Dismal Swamp*. Gen. 4. 9-15.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother on its forehead
 Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain.

—*The Arsenal of Springfield*. Gen. 4. 9-15.

But then, alas! It was the serpent tempted Eve to sin.

—*The Spanish Student*. Gen. 3. 1.

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
 Trampled and passed it o'er,
 When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
 His favorite son they bore.

—*Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass*. Gen. 37. 28.

When first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue
 The tuneful anthem filled the morning air.

—*Thanksgiving*. Gen. 4. 21.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
 Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
 As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

—*Evangeline*. Gen. 21. 14-21.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

—Jewish Cemetery at Newport. Gen. 21. 14-21.

'Tis not good for man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

—Courtship of Miles Standish. Gen. 2. 18.

Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God moving visibly over the water.

—Courtship of Miles Standish. Gen. 1. 2.

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla, and truly they [women] seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight and memories sweet of the garden!"

—Courtship of Miles Standish. Gen. 2. 10-14.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac.

—Courtship of Miles Standish. Gen. 24. 42-49.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

—Sandalphon. Gen. 3. 1-6.

For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Elliot, wrote.

—Elliot's Oak. Gen. 18. 1-8.

Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough are the rhymes of our poet;
Though it is Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas! are the hands.

—Elegiac Verse. Gen. 27. 22.

They found Ser Federigo at his toll,
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil.

—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Falcon of Ser Federigo). Gen. 3. 17-19.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,
That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright
While all the others bend and bow to it,

Is that with mortal eyes I may behold
The Eternal City.

—Michael Angelo. Gen. 37. 5-8.

EXODUS

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals
That the angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

—Evangeline. Ex. 12. 21-28.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the prophet descending from Sinai.

—Evangeline. Ex. 34. 29-35.

Loud he sang the psalm of David!
He, a negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

—The Slave Singing at Midnight. Ex. 14. 26-31.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

—The Lighthouse. Ex. 13. 21.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread,
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped.

—Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass. Ex. 3. 1; 14. 5-9.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

—Jewish Cemetery at Newport. Ex. 32. 19.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"

—A Ballad of the French Fleet. Ex. 14. 13; 2 Chron. 20. 17.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live."

—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi). Ex. 33. 20.

Though in the Decalogue we find
The mandate written, "Thou shalt not kill!"

—The Golden Legend. Ex. 20. 13.

NUMBERS

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eschol.

—Courtship of Miles Standish. Num. 13. 23.

Little thought the Hermit, preaching
Holy Wars to knight and baron,
That the words dropped in his teaching,
His entreaty, his beseeching,
Would by children's hands be gleaned,
And the staff on which he leaned
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

—The Children's Crusade. Numbers 17. 8.

DEUTERONOMY

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible king of Bashan.

—Courtship of Miles Standish. 1 Sam. 17. 4; Deut. 3. 11.

JOSHUA

The trumpets sound; the echoes of the mountains
Answer them as the Sabbath morning breaks
Over Beth-horon and its battle-field,
Where the great captain of the hosts of God,
A slave brought up in the brick-fields of Egypt,
O'ercame the Amorites.

I am not Joshua. I cannot say,
"Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in Ajalon!"

—Judas Maccabæus. Joshua 10. 8-14.

Hark! I hear the trumpets
Sound from Beth-horon; from the battle-field
Of Joshua, where he smote the Amorites,
Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and of Jarmuth,
Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jerusalem.

—Judas Maccabæus. Joshua 10. 3-14.

JUDGES

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry—
Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;

The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
 Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!
 There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
 Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
 Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
 And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
 Till the vast Temple of our liberties
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

—The Warning. Judges 14. 5, 6; 16. 21-31.

RUTH

Everywhere about us are they [flowers] glowing,
 Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

—Flowers. Ruth 2. 3.

Simple and brief was the wedding as that of Ruth and of Boaz.

—Courtship of Miles Standish. Ruth 4. 9, 10.

1 SAMUEL

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor,
 Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

—The Bells of Lynn. 1 Sam. 28. 7-14.

In their real forms appeared

The warlocks weird,

Awful as the witch of Endor.

—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Saga of King Olaf). 1 Sam. 28. 7.

The birds, who make sweet music for us all

In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Birds of Killingworth). 1 Sam. 16. 23.

2 SAMUEL

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:
 "It hath displeased the Lord"—and he thought of David's transgression,
 Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!

—Courtship of Miles Standish. 2 Sam. 11. 27, 2, 3, 15.

I cannot watch o'er you as Rizpah watched
 In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of Saul,

.

I cannot mourn

As she, the daughter of Alah, mourned the dead,
 From the beginning of the barley-harvest
 Until the autumn rains, and suffered not
 The birds of air to rest on them by day,
 Nor the wild beasts by night.

—Judas Maccabæus. 2 Sam. 21. 3-10.

1 KINGS

I know not Hebrew, but my High-Priest Jason,
As I remember, told me of a Prophet
Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea
Like a man's hand, and soon the heaven was black
With clouds and rain.

—Judas Maccabæus. 1 Kings 18. 41-46.

2 KINGS

And their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

—Evangeline. 2 Kings 2. 11.

Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.

—A Summer Day by the Sea. 2 Kings 2. 13.

An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window towards the east,
That of the Lord's deliverance!

—The Golden Legend. 2 Kings 13. 14-17.

Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in the time
Of Esekias, King of Israel,
And in the armies of Sennacherib
Didst slay a hundred fourscore and five thousand.

—Judas Maccabæus. 2 Kings 19. 35, 36.

Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

—Michael Angelo. 2 Kings 13. 21.

2 CHRONICLES (See under Exodus)

ESTHER

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

—Jewish Cemetery at Newport. 1 Cor. 16. 22; Esther 3. 1-6.

JOB

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

—Resignation. Job 5. 6.

PSALMS

Wherein amazed he read:

"A thousand years in thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night."

—The Golden Legend. Psa. 90. 4.

PROVERBS

Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

—Courtship of Miles Standish. Prov. 31. 11-13, 19, 21.

He made of all this but small account,
And passed his idle hours instead
With roystering Morton of Merry Mount,
That pettifogger from Furnival's Inn,
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,
Who looked on the wine when it was red.

—Tales of a Wayside Inn (The Rhyme of Sir Christopher). Prov. 23. 31.

ECCLESIASTES

Remember what the Holy Scriptures say
Of the inevitable time, when those
Who look out of the windows shall be darkened,
And the Almond tree shall flourish,

.

And the grasshopper
Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail,
Because man goeth to his long home.
Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher; all
Is vanity.

—Michael Angelo. Ecclesiastes 2. 3, 5, 8.

ISAIAH

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside
And liberate the slave.

—The Good Part, that Shall Not be Taken Away. Isa. 61. 1; Luke 4. 18.

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three berries
In the top of the uppermost bough.

—The Meeting. Isa. 17. 6.

From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."
—Divina Commedia. Isa. 1. 18.

Rather let me write:
"The smoking flax before it burst to flame
Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed."
—Keats. Isa. 42. 3.

DANIEL

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
—Evangeline. Daniel 5. 25.

HABAKKUK

The fleet it a gale overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
—A Ballad of the French Fleet. Hab. 3. 7.

Arthur C. Boggess.

OUR EVANGELISM

THE church has just emerged from one phase of what in many respects has been its greatest program. The Centenary movement at its inception demanded a staggering faith from the members of the Methodist Church. We have gone far enough to see that the program and the faith were both justified. It is probable that the church will never debilitate itself again by expecting small results when the trend of all things is toward great expectations.

But now the church is making another call, and this call is to evangelism. Very quickly have we disposed of a few fallacies which in the days of our poverty seemed to be irrefutable conclusions—such as, if a church becomes liberal, it by necessity becomes spiritual; or, an open pocket book means spiritual ascension in missionary fields. Now we have liberality, and, in comparison with other days, a deep purse, but there seem to be some deflections: first, the membership of the church has had a serious decrease; second, the ranks of the ministry are being depleted; third, great bodies of non-Christians—as in the mass movement in India—are calling in vain for help.

The call to evangelism must be opportune. We have the machinery, now we need the dynamics. But it is precisely in this call to evangelism that we need to orient ourselves. What do we now mean by evangelism? It is not presumed that any general statement as to evangelistic standards can be of much value. The personal equation of the preacher or the theologian will cause evangelism to be defined in many ways. We may simply speak of tendencies which are seeking definition and expression in our evangelistic program. It is evident that an evolution has been in progress since the days of camp meetings and revival excitement. Evangelism was then tied up with certain methods of individual approach, ethical and metaphysical preaching, strong denunciations of sin with convictions and emotional effects usually resulting therefrom. There is a growing scepticism as to the value of many of the methods then employed. The metaphysical and emotional

aspects both rest under a cloud. Sin is being defined with terms that look more toward the mercy side of God than the justice side. The chief things which emerge and find a place in the new evangelism are the ethical and social aspects, with the social side much more emphasized than in the older day. It is becoming increasingly evident that these changes have been wrought because of certain dispositions of mind which have grown up within the past few decades and which should be defined.

We are now living under the pragmatic method of finding values. Preaching is listened to with pragmatic ears. The question is insistent, What is the value of doctrine as measured by human conduct and human good? The injunction to the preacher is to keep close to earth and in touch with human nature. He is not willingly followed when he makes long forays into the unknown. The abstruse doctrines are held for mental discipline analogous to the higher mathematics. The Trinity, the Deity of Christ, the incarnation, are not as doctrines assailed as untrue, but no need is felt for a public rationale or even proclamation. They are occult, and are considered to have but little effect on life.

Immediately and naturally allied with pragmatism is the emphasis on good works. The doctrine of James is in the ascendant. The statement is that the church has too long forgotten the simple essential things of good will to men in its efforts to get men to believe a difficult and for some men an impossible doctrine. The definiteness of good works as contrasted with the indefiniteness of what may be called good doctrines has made its direct appeal, and the appeal seems to have brought a success unparalleled in altruistic enterprises. Winston Churchill's book *Inside the Cup* met with an immense vogue, because it seemed to call the church from a vague mysticism to an active participation in the affairs which touch men daily. H. G. Wells has run a long distance in advance of Churchill, and has learned a method of seeing it through by a combination of good works with an almost complete renunciation of all the essential doctrines of Christianity. Good things are coming not out of Nazareth alone: they are picked out of the air, as a conjurer picks coin out of that medium. Institutions and foundations are being established under the aegis of the church

which are enterprises of ethical value, but only remotely, if at all, relate themselves to historical Christianity with its old doctrines. It seems not a careless statement when we affirm that the church of to-day is afraid of the past. The present day is not unduly superstitious, but it seems to believe that there were ghosts in the past, and it now avoids a haunted history. It is almost feverishly active in expressing in a multitude of ways its concern for the present generation whose prototypes our forebears burned at Smithfield or permitted to rot in Spanish inquisitions.

Then there has been a growing scepticism as to the value of revivals. The history of such efforts indicates a waning power. The increasing difficulty of holding successful continuous services has been felt alike by pastors and evangelists. Two of the frequently embarrassing features of the Methodist preacher are the "staging" of a revival once a year and then finding some justification for the revival after it has become history and its results tabulated. It is evident that any evangelistic enterprise upon which the church may enter must permit an interpretation of the term evangelism that will not of necessity tie it up with any methods of the past or make its success or failure depend on the old computation tables.

Just how the church will respond to the general call of evangelism is a matter for serious consideration. It is not to be presumed that any general plans will be even tentatively suggested. For this reason the method of attack will be desultory, with something like a guerrilla warfare going on against the citadels of error. But there are some hopes which will not be realized. We cannot expect the institutional church to solve the problems of evangelism. Whatever merits may accrue to the religious community through this excellent plan of extending church influence to supply social and recreative needs, it has its distinct limitations. The Young Men's Christian Associations of the country have been at this work for many years, and with all their excellent work they have hardly begun to do that which the sanguine supporter of the institutional church deems will be done so quickly by this arm of the church. The Centenary movement of the past year has prepared the church to accomplish much in this field, but at the best it will be a simple

extension of the work of the church and will prove the solution of only a few minor problems which may arise.

Nor are we going to recruit our ranks in any great measure by any emphasis we may lay on the labor question or the social aspect of affairs. The Methodist Church is rightly proud of the position it has taken in regard to the relations between capital and labor. It has defined its position as favoring justice for both sides, and has refused to nervously prostrate itself before either labor or capital. But a great fear has been felt in some quarters that we may be misunderstood as to how we stand on labor questions. We are informed that organized labor is opposed to the church, while it keeps a fine sentiment for Christ the Founder of the church. Many have accepted this statement as true, and with a fear that the genuineness of the appeal of the church for the laboring man may be misunderstood, they have begun a propaganda of education concerning the democratic ideals of the church. This method has the value of well meaning, but as a practical method for gaining results it is of questionable value. It is better to assume some things than to attempt to demonstrate them. The demonstration of love is not so effective as the assumption and fact of love. A better position for the church to assume is that of dignity and impartial justice for all men with the privilege to speak freely and courageously on all moot questions. A manly pulpit, unhampered by any shrinking apprehensions of being misunderstood, definite in its utterances concerning wrong, sympathetic in its attitude toward all men, will be essential for a successful evangelistic church.

The emphasis which has been laid on democracy during the past war has brought the term into such popular use that it has been deemed necessary to get the church measured by this standard. This request has come from the church itself, and the result of the investigation has brought about what might have been surmised, namely, some discrepancies. The clamor for investigation is quite sure to breed suspicion, and whatever institution openly courts investigation for approval or disapproval is likely to receive both. The public sees what is suggested it may see. Hamlet said to Polonius:

"Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?"

Polonius: "By the mass, and it is like a camel, indeed."

Hamlet: "Methinks it is like a weasel."

Polonius: "It is backed like a weasel."

Hamlet: "Or like a whale?"

Polonius: "Very like a whale."

It is not wise to affirm that the Methodist Church is growing democratic. The church is and has been democratic. We need to create no unwarranted suspicion concerning our past. It would not be difficult to show that the general church in itself is responsible for our present democratic ideals. It is unhistorical to affirm that democracy is the result of industrial evolution, or that the pressure of economic needs is bringing about the brotherhood of man. Economic needs are like to breed class distinctions, and it is chiefly the church which has shown the power to fuse all people with their various needs and aspirations into a democratic whole.

If the church should fail this year to attain the ideals which have been set before it, its failure shall not be laid at the door of meager institutional features, or silences in the pulpit on social and industrial questions. Our chief failures will be in the realm of the spirit, failure in philosophy, failure in faith, and failure in a message.

Pragmatism is not a philosophy, but rather a method to test values. Pragmatism, however, with many has assumed the place of a final philosophy. Herein is where the danger lies. Doctrines which are occult are set aside as unnecessary. The Deity of Christ, the Trinity, the incarnation involve metaphysics, and pragmatism does not presume to reach so high. These doctrines are proclaimed but little, because they are hard to believe. They do not seem to relate themselves vitally to our bread-and-butter existence. They are intangible and float in the air. This is not an inference that Methodism, even any considerable portion of Methodism, has discarded them, but that they as doctrines are simply considered unnecessary for present needs. In this respect we most surely err. Tennyson spoke of a higher pantheism, and we caught the Christian value of the vision. We may speak of a higher pragmatism which will grasp the fruits of these great doctrines and hold them to our lips for nourishment. Christianity cannot get along with

simply a philosophic method; it must have a philosophy. The scientific method of putting one finger on cause and another on effect is valuable, but the process is carried on under too low a horizon to nourish permanently spiritual life. Pulleys and curtains and paraphernalia, gymnasiums and soup kitchens—pragmatic devices to bait and hook men into the kingdom—are worthy considerations, but they poorly take the place of philosophy in the pulpit.

Then the church must have faith which has transcendental merits. To believe on the basis of sight or of reason will not get the church far. Faith is a belief in the realities which lie beyond sense or logic, or it is not faith. As a church we must assume ideals which are not indicated simply by the processes of social drift and order, or by the logic of events. We must have ideals and dreams which come down from above, and which are believed in despite many adverse things. Other-worldliness is quite necessary to lift people out of this wilderness.

And then there comes the message. This must partake of a sane faith and philosophy, nor lose sight of the actual conditions of life which insistently press upon society. But it must be a message which interprets things of actual potencies and which lie beyond the veil. A man's commission to be successful in the pulpit will be determined by the answer he can truly give to the old question, "Who do men say that I am?" Peter found the answer by a kind of divination which we call faith: "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God," and this message, faithfully proclaimed through good and bad report, beat down the barriers of prejudice in the pagan world and set Christianity free for a conquest of the world. Whatever success we may have in meeting the call of the church will depend chiefly on the fact that we have not forgotten this truth, and whatever failure we may have, the failure must be charged chiefly to the fact that we have forgotten this message.

H. T. Scott

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE, A SUCCESS OR A FAILURE?

THE birth of the Epworth League was not foreseen; it was spontaneous. It was not planned; it just happened. The League existed in reality before it came to life organically. And this is tantamount to saying that the Epworth League was formed by the uniting of five societies of young people already in existence. These five societies were The Young People's Methodist Alliance, The Oxford League, The Young People's Christian League, The Young People's Methodist Union, and The Young People's Methodist Episcopal Alliance of the North Ohio Conference. Each of these organizations was largely local. They needed to be united into one organization and commended to the church. It was this thought that directed representatives of these bodies to meet in Cleveland, Ohio, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14-15, 1889, when the Epworth League was formally organized.

The General Conference of 1892 was impressed with the value of its work, and it was organized into a separate department of the church. Authorization was also given its Board of Control to elect a General Secretary. Its constitution was incorporated in the Discipline. In six years the membership rose rapidly to about nine hundred thousand, and now, after thirty years of activity, it has almost as many chapters as there are churches. Has it accomplished its purpose, or has it a definite contribution to make to the religious life of our young people? Let us see!

The Epworth League will be found a success or a failure according to the standards by which we measure it. If we judge it by the noise it makes, or the numbers who crowd its meetings, we will call it a failure. But are noise and numbers the only trustworthy criteria? Most Leagues are not overcrowded. In one Conference they average fifty members per chapter, with one out of ten chapters having a membership over a hundred. But is the purpose of the League to possess a long roster, or it is to mold and make worthy character? Many have been disappointed because they looked only for numerical results.

Remember, young people do not move naturally in large crowds, but in small groups. The League usually deals with one of these groups. During the 'teen age the group or social instinct ripens. Group or social life begins. At first the groups are small. As these groups mature the interests change, life's responsibilities increase, and definite fields of service require their time and strength. The groups are constantly moving. They are ever adjusting themselves, finding themselves. This makes the well-known "problem" of the young people. It is a perennial problem. It will cease only when the church no longer has any young people. It arises because they are *young* people. They are plastic rather than static. They are people in the making. A friend of the League explains that "Most criticism aimed at the League is based on the theory that the League is a corporate institution with momentum and machinery that needs only direction. In fact, the average League is more like a country school under a teacher who is trying to train them for something worth while, and who can never be sure of her ability to mobilize them." This sets the League work apart from all other church work.

In the Junior League the situation is quite different. The resemblance between the Junior and Senior Leagues is in name only. The Junior League deals with individuals under fourteen years of age, prior to the ripening of the group instinct. Therefore the Junior League is not a group, it is a collection of individuals. They assemble to be taught; not to express what they have previously acquired. It is not self-governing, but is superintended by an experienced worker appointed by the pastor. It is essentially a teaching process, although it may enliven the program with social and expressional work.

There is no less marked distinction between the Sunday school and the League. The Sunday school is the church school. It is a place where order is observed, where instruction is given and information imparted. It is primarily an academic process. The school is *run*, literally, by the superintendent, secretaries and teachers. The pupils are passive, receptive, receiving specific instruction. Socially, the Sunday school is a gathering together of a number of social groups under the leadership of teachers.

Every class forms a separate unit, a social grouping. The League is one of these groups—the one in which the young people find opportunity to test and develop their faith. The Epworth League may be called the intermediate and senior departments of the Sunday school in action. This should not involve any conflict. The class activity should continue. The class needs its own expressional work, but young people also require the broadening contact and socializing influence of the larger group.

But the League is unlike either of these. It is not a school. It is a confederation. It is a league. It is a company held together by the ties of common purpose and the natural bonds of the group. It is self-governing. It elects its own officers. These are inexperienced young people getting their training by attempting real work. The pastor exercises a general oversight. He furnishes the necessary inspiration and encouragement. Their chief purpose is to express their Christian life, not repress it; to give forth in conduct what already has been taught. This process puts religion on the motor nerves; all they do is but a testimony of the faith which is in them.

There is no conflict between the work of the League and the most up-to-date Sunday school program. They are interdependent; each reenforcing the other. The League wisely never attempted the teaching work of the Sunday school. The Sunday school has attempted expressional work similar to the Epworth League. This attempt was made by the Sunday school not to discount the League, but because it logically grew out of the more scientifically educational and pedagogical program of the Sunday school. Yet most Sunday schools complain of losing their young people. This shows that the Sunday school program of activity is entirely inadequate as yet. Therefore the League and Sunday school are allies. They supplement each other. The League, perhaps, was not so scientifically educational as the Sunday school, but before the Sunday school caught its larger vision the League started to bridge the gap between childhood and manhood in the church. In this it has never been supplanted, nor even rivaled.

The distinctive value of the League work, to-day, lies in its

expressional features. We know only what we express. There is no lasting impression without expression. This is the basis of all examination. We know only what we are able to write down in the examination. Life to-day needs more than vague impressions and soft generalizations. The youth of the church should be stimulated to thinking along the line of the indispensable Christian graces. Youth must know and believe and feel some things mightily, if it is to be persuaded that these things are worthy the sacrifices required to make them dominate in life. For the sake of emphasis let me state it categorically: youth knows only what it is able to express; and this includes vocal as well as motor expression. Here we join hands with the modern educational movement. It is the stressing of the motor side of religion. It arises from the natural reaction against the type of religion which was too exclusively vocal. The youth to-day wants to practice his religion. He stands in need of more drilling as well as more effective teaching. The League is the drill field on which the future leaders of the church are testing their capacities and measuring their abilities. There they are finding their moral strength, just as the athlete finds his physical strength on the athletic field. Dr. Brummitt says: "The League is the laboratory of youth. It fails, of course it does, but it is our laboratory of youth, and out of it comes now and again something the Church and the world can use." If we have discarded the old total-depravity idea, and accepted the total-immaturity idea, then the League is *the* place where faith is dramatized and developed, just as the gymnasium is the place where muscles are strengthened and trained.

Our young people need to be trained in their devotional life. Teaching is necessary. It fills the mind; but training molds conduct. Training in social service is excellent, but it is not all. Water will not run up hill; neither will the spirit advance beyond the source of its inspiration. The motive power of all worthy service comes from Christ. Our youth must maintain an intimate relation with Him—the source of dynamic. Yet the ordinary young person will not maintain this religious interest and experience unless he has, for himself, found the glory of personal

contact with Jesus Christ. During childhood his life was directed by parents and guided by thoughtful teachers. Now he is grown up. He follows his own will. He must likewise definitely assume for himself such parts of his religious teaching as he really believes. This may not be easy, but its importance cannot be over-emphasized. It is the crucial point in development. And in every development there is one crucial moment—a moment which marks the boundary line. There is a conscious moment in which the youth actually passes over into a larger experience of power and joy. Matheson says it is like approaching a river bank. The walking is at an end—then comes the plunge which brings one to the other side. Professor Curtis used to insist that all youth, even those reared in the most favored surroundings, should possess the “redemptive equivalents.” They should, for themselves, definitely accept Jesus as their Lord and Master. “I believe, therefore I have spoken” is the true order. As Christ is confessed openly his power over youth is enhanced. During the ’teen age period is the time when young life either does or does not accept Jesus as personal Lord and Saviour, and either does or does not reenforce the religious teaching of the years with the unimpeachable authority of experience. Here is the League with a wholesome and attractive program holding youth during these critical years, guiding life while life’s decisions are being made.

In the privacy of the group the devotional life of the young people may be trained naturally. Such items as prayer and testimony are not impossible. They should not be forced, but fostered. This is the time when religion buds in the life of every individual. Then let it be expressed. Let the expression crystallize it. At this period the young people are full of the spirit of adventure. Routine produces restlessness. That beautifully simple prayer, “Now I lay me,” etc., appears a bit childish. Grown boys say it out of a sense of duty, though secretly they feel like apologizing for it. The same thing happens later with “Our Father.” These young people possess religious emotions and feelings of their own. They are looking for a religious exercise which will command their respect. They want to pray, and the League fosters this deeper spiritual life in youth. If the Centenary,

movement is going to stimulate the prayer life of the church, would it not be easier to grow it with the youth than to graft it on the adults? Where do our young people get this religious training and nurture aside from the League?

Further, it furnishes courage and a consciousness of power. Frequently the initial attempt is accompanied by trembling knees and feeble expression. I still remember vividly my own first attempt. But ease, assurance and courage come with practice. Who can number the ministers who discovered their gifts and graces for the ministry in simple beginnings such as these?

A word about action: The League is a sphere of activity. Even a casual view of the branches of service outlined in the constitution shows the wide range of activities. It runs from Bible and mission study groups to recreation and social life. It extends from missionary enterprise, like building an Epworth chapel at Rome, to raising ten thousand dollars for missions in China, and from settlement work to fresh air homes. It has long since passed out of the Mercy and Help stage into real social service and welfare work.

And nearly every member is busy in some capacity of the church. The League usually furnishes the leaders of the church. No, these people are not in the League because they are leaders. That is unkind to them. They are leaders because they were in the League. Here they found, through study and inspiration, the field of service. Then, with all the enthusiasm of youth, they have embraced the worth-while opportunity.

The Institutes call for a word right here. Perhaps this is the most promising single achievement of the League. These Institutes are great spiritual forces. They release the "dynamic of God," and send the youth of our churches to tasks with all the determination and consecration of the ancient prophets. Do the ministers, busy with their manifold tasks, realize the significance of these Institutes? This year sixty-one are being held. Their attendance will range from two to twelve hundred each. Nearly twenty-five thousand young people of Methodism will, this year, return to their churches full of new zeal for the religious enterprise. Recently the Board of Bishops commended the work of the

Institutes, and urged upon them the importance of gathering recruits for the ministry and mission field. Now the Centenary is upon us with its added demands for workers. It is clearly apparent that too great consideration cannot be given to this work. At the Madison Institute, through a number of years, there have been approximately ten per cent. of the attendance who consecrated themselves to special life work. This past year the percentage was a little higher.

These Institutes are regular courses in religious education. At Madison, when the diplomas were being given out, one of the men said, "We've been here a whole year." Well, he was about right. He had attended fifty sessions of definite instruction and inspiration, not counting the recreational and social hours. How does that compare with the half-hour on Sundays at home? The Institutes not only give dynamic but they enlarge the vision as well. One girl returned last year from Institute to organize and lead a Queen Esther's Circle in her church. This year she goes back to lead a mission-study class in addition. Another girl thought she was doing her duty as a Sunday-school teacher, but now goes back to bring that class into the church and into living contact with Jesus. A young man of ability returns to devote all his spare time to equipping himself for settlement work, mastering a language and understanding a people. Another young man enters the new field of religious education. A school teacher hears God's call to teach in Mexico, and at the Institute decides to offer her services to the Centenary work in Mexico. But I cannot go on; the story is too long.

And yet we hear that complaining voice, "What is the matter with the League?" Well, what is?

Karl K. Zumby

THE BISHOP'S ADVENTURE: AN OLD MOTHER'S SURE CURE FOR BALDNESS

"Now don't be worried or discouraged at losing that young mother with her baby in Chicago; for as sure as the gods are good, if you will keep your traveling human weather ears and eyes open on the train out of Chicago, you'll find an old mother on her way to Omaha. The very fates themselves will cast her down at your feet, baggage and all. You will let her have your seat beside the window. You'll get her a pillow and a drink, and paper, and you'll pull the window up for her and you'll pull it down. Then you'll get her another drink and a fan, and before long you'll pull the shade down for her again. She may be seventy-five years old and she'll want you to wait on her every minute—but—"

"But I would think that she would make a nuisance of herself, making an errand boy of you, my dear Bishop."

He looked at me again pityingly.

"You seem to forget He whose Bishop I am was never too tired, never too busy, never too dignified to serve. Besides, as I have said before, there are compensations."

"Compensations? Yes, always compensations. You would find compensations, you old 'Mount Shasta,' if you awoke some morning and they told you that your church had decided to put a time limit on the terms of Bishops."

"Yes; I would say that the compensation there was that the church was coming to be a truly democratic institution. I think that that would not be bad. There would be compensations even in that."

"But what about the old mother?"

"Maybe she's a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, or a Baptist, or a—and so are you. You'll notice that she isn't ashamed of it, anyhow, whatever she is. Or perhaps she's just a dear, sweet, motherly old lady, and loves everybody that wears pants just because she has a boy of her own. And you look like a boy to her because she is twenty years older than you are."

"You're not so old at that, 'Mount Shasta,' even if you do have white hair and a bald spot showing at the back. You were the youngest Bishop ever elected in the church; weren't you?"

"Yes, worse luck, I was. I'm not now; I just was! And now I'm condemned to be a Bishop all the rest of my days.

"And before you know it," he continued, just as if there had been no break, "before you know it you will be showing her that picture of your wife and children when they were younger. Then you'll hear about 'Nanny's' remarkable little grandson. And, say, my boy, her talk is worth listening to: 'That boy, would you believe it'—and she is so excited, the dear old soul, that she'll lay her trembling hand on your knee—that boy knew the English alphabet off by heart when he was only three. And the doctor said we'd have to be careful of him, that his brain was developing too fast'—and then she rattles on with sweetest abandonment: 'and Professor Meredith—he's the principal of the school, you know—says he'd rather have a chat with "Sonny" than with any grown-up man he ever saw! Say, our baby is a wonderful child!'"

Then the Bishop laughed aloud as he told me of the old mother on the train between Chicago and Omaha; laughed aloud with happy memories of other days and other babies and other fond parents and fonder grandparents.

"And how familiar that old grandmother's phrase is: 'Say, our baby is a wonderful child!' How many thousands and how many millions of mothers and fathers and grandmothers and grandfather have said it and—worse—have meant it. Bless their hearts. Bless their hearts, all of 'em; even if some of them may be a little wrong. 'That baby of ours, say!' And those who don't say it are no better than those who do say it, for we all believe it!

"Then if you know how to draw her out she'll tell you how she raised eight children; she'll tell you that you never are a mother until you are a grandmother; she'll tell you that it's harder to raise one than three children; that they amuse themselves; and she'll advocate having a lot of children and having them decently close together; and she'll tell you why: 'If you don't you'll have a baby on your hands'—meaning that the far-between-ones always get coddled and petted too much. Ah! how much she will tell you,

this dear old superannuated mother of eight children. And how much worth while some of the things are that she will tell you!

"The sun has gone down behind a cloud as you speed through the level country, with corn- and wheatfields rushing past in a blur of rain. She'll breathe a sigh, and say, 'Well, we need rain.' Then there will be a silence for a minute. It seems that it is almost solemnity that steals over her and over you. She breathes a sigh and a faraway look comes into her eyes, beautiful brown eyes that they are, shaded with grey brows and lashes, once a glorious set of lashes that must have lain with a gentle touch like golden flower petals over a tiny set of pools in the woods. A teardrop steals over those half-closed lashes. She is thinking about her husband, as you soon discover. The rain and clouds brought it all back; and perhaps the suggestion of corn- and wheatfields. One does not know always the strange psychology of suggestion. Perhaps it was the scent of violated orange peeling in the car."

"Did she talk with you, Bishop?"

He did not deign to notice my interruption. He seemed to be going through that adventure with the old mother just as if I were not there, talking to himself aloud. He continued:

"He was the kind of a man that people turned about to look at! She'll repeat that phrase twice slowly, to be certain that you get the full import of its meaning, and a look of pride will steal over her wrinkled features, like a flash of sunlight breaking through those clouds outside the car window, but the faraway look comes back as the rain continues to pour outside the train. 'Yes, daddy's been gone ten years now. All the men on this road loved daddy. He was a traveling engineer. I've given four sons and daddy to the road. Here's my pass. It reads, "To the widow of—"

"That last morning, daddy tried to get down stairs and help me get breakfast. He always liked to help me, daddy did. But he said that morning, "This'll be the last time I'll help you, mother."

"Then perhaps the dear, lonely old mother will weep like the skies outside are doing and you will try to make yourself believe that things look blurred outside because of the shower, even though they also look blurred as you glance forward into the next

car when the train swings around a curve. Then before you know it the sun has burst out again, the rain has stopped, people are smiling and talking aloud in the car, and the dear old lady notices for the first time that you are getting bald. That's her cue to forget her own sorrows and start to mothering you. They just can't help it. Once a mother always a mother. They mother their own, these old-fashioned women; they mother their grandchildren; then their great-grandchildren, and between times and afterwards they mother us all. And that bald-spot-to-be on your head touches her heart."

"'Mount Shasta,' it would be a crime if you lost that crown of white hair. I'd have to get a new name for you."

"You might call me half-dome," the Bishop suggested with a twinkle in his eyes.

"But, I say, it would be a shame to lose that crown of white hair," I said.

"So the old lady thought," added the Bishop. "Yes, that bald-spot-to-be will touch the heart of any mothering woman. She will half scold, as if you are deliberately and with malignant malice and conspiracy aforethought planning to make yourself into that unromantic creature they call a 'bald-headed man.' You would think, to hear her comments, that you have deliberately been in the habit of rubbing it off each morning with a brick so that you wouldn't have to comb it any more.

"'There's not a bit of use of your losing that nice hair—and so young!'

"Maybe you blush at that. I did.

"'Why, you can't be over fifty, dear!'

"You blush again.

"'You just mustn't lose that fine hair! I can't let you; you poor boy.'

"All men are boys to the mother of five children when she has become seventy. President Wilson would be her boy if he were traveling human with her.

"'Why, you'll have colds all the time if you do! And all boys are, at all times, in dire danger either of being hungry or of having colds to these mothers of ours.

"Have you ever used anything on it?"

"Here you are tempted to wave your hand (nonchalantly) in the air and pass off the matter of your rapidly diminishing hair as of little moment to you. The wave of your hand carries the suggestion that 'It's brains that count in this world' even if you don't say it aloud. In fact, as you think of the three thousand six hundred and ten different applications that you *have* used, to save your life you can't think of a single specific remedy by name. You want to lie, even though you are a Bishop. But don't. No, don't lie, for you won't have to."

"Why?"

"Why, because it is one of the wonders of the dear old egotist that she isn't paying any attention to what you are about to say, anyhow."

"Oh, don't mind what you've used. There's none of them remedies any good anyhow! Just use common vaseline, and rub it in every night. It's a sure cure. It cured Willie's."

"It turned out later that 'Willie' was the president of the road over which you were riding; a man known from coast to coast as one of the biggest railroad men in America.

"Then she will tell you of about a hundred bald pates that were made to blossom like an irrigated desert by the simple application of vaseline. Then her stop comes. There is much confusion. She insists upon your going out at the stop to meet 'Willie' and 'Sonnie.' You don't want to intrude yourself in this family homecoming, but you go to please her. 'Willie' is there in a big limousine to meet mother. Back of him stands a liveried servant. The big, dignified gentleman whom she calls 'Willie' doesn't know you, and doesn't care much about meeting you just then. The 'All aboard!' saves you; but just as you turn to call good-bye to the old mother she thrusts her card into your hand. These new-fangled things like cards are so new to her that she has forgotten it until now. . . . The train is moving.

"Good-bye, my boy! Be sure and let me know if that vaseline helps your hair."

"And the train pulls out amid a roar of laughter from 'Willie,' the trainmen and the porter, who hear her admonition. Then

suddenly she glances down at your card, and with a wild gesture toward the train—in the meantime handing your card to 'Willie'—she yells, 'O Bishop! Bishop! Bishop! I didn't know. Come to see us!'

"Yes, son, there are compensations, even in being a Bishop and having to gallivant all over the country every year, and being away from your home all the time. There are compensations!"

Wm L Stedger

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

SHYNESS

IN the famous Boston Saturday Club the chief talkers are said to have been Lowell, Holmes, and Agassiz; Longfellow less talkative; while Emerson and Whittier were the least loquacious. A familiar story says that, at a meeting in honor of an illustrious member of the club, the most eminent name on the list of speakers was Emerson's. When his turn came and he was called to speak, he unfolded hesitatingly to his full six-feet height, stood silent some moments in apparent embarrassment, and then sat down without having uttered one word, leaving his place on the program vacant. Supposing this story to be true, his behavior seems unaccountable. Who would expect a man of Emerson's ability to flunk at such a time and place? The occasion was important, he was in the presence of friends even if critics, he was the most distinguished member of that club of celebrities, his genius the most crystalline, his mind the most purely platonic, in American literature. Why did he fail? Was it fear of the highly critical Sanhedrin before which he stood? Was it a sense of unpreparedness, and a decision to say nothing rather than offer the occasion anything below his own idea of its merits? Speculation is useless. Quite possibly he could not have explained why; perhaps there was no rational reason. It looks like sheer shyness, which is instinctive or inscrutable and cannot give reasons. A similar story is told of Thackeray. Riding to a meeting where Dickens was to preside and where he was expected to speak, he said to his friend: "They think I can't make a speech, but I'll show them. I'm going to speak to-night," and he named his subject. Yet when the moment came he balked and uttered not a word. In the cab going home he said to his friend, "That's the greatest speech that was never delivered."

Emerson's intellectual ideals were transcendently exalted. High ideals are stern, imperious masters. One friend wrote to another: "You speak of ideals which you think we have in common. Ideals are tyrannical. Some of mine have treated me severely, giving me

forty lashes on the bare back at times. But I will cringe to them forever and die kissing their feet." Besides Emerson's exacting ideals and well-known shyness, sayings of his indicate that he was by preference and on principle rather a listener than a talker, for example: "The scholar's secret is this, Every man I meet knows something I do not know. Wisdom for me lies in learning that thing from him."

Public speakers not a few, even some of the ablest, have experienced "stage fright," fear of an audience; sometimes a nervous chill. Report says that if John Bright had to make a speech before night he would complain at breakfast of not having slept well, feeling poorly, and would remark nervously that it seemed likely to be a chilly day. A noted minister used to tell how once, in his very early ministry, when he was on his way to preach in a little country church, he felt so frightened as he approached the place that he left the road and hid among thick trees until the gathered farmers, tired of waiting for the preacher to arrive, had driven home. The scared young fellow literally "took to the woods."

J. M. Barrie, having been invited to come to America, to speak at the Lowell centenary celebration in New York, with the promise of an audience of at least one thousand, let his native diffidence play in his reply: "If I had to address a thousand persons my voice would sound from under the table, and only those in the front seats would hear. If the thousand would come singly to me under the table, I might be able to address them one at a time." Many years ago Max Strakosch was touring Canada with his company of singers and Emma Thursby as his leading lady. At Ottawa, before beginning the evening's entertainment, he told his nephew, aged seventeen, to go before the curtain and ask the indulgence of the audience for Miss Thursby's voice; "Tell them she has taken cold and is a little hoarse." The young Austrian sped to the front of the platform, and, on finding himself out there all alone, close to a vast crowd, was so frightened out of his wits that he lost his English and told them with a German accent that Miss Thursby was "a small horse"; whereat the house exploded in a roar of laughter. For this blunder his uncle Max did not reprimand him, but said, "You've put the house in a good humor and it does not matter now about Miss Thursby's voice." A clear case of stage fright.

Shyness is no sign of inferiority, but rather of the superior fineness found in the higher mental and physical organisms. It is the reaction which comes from a highly sensitized impressionability. It is

due to no defect, but to delicate susceptibility. Not the weak, nor the coarse, nor the common, but the gifted and the rare and the refined are its victims. Nor is it any evidence of demerit: often those who have nothing to be ashamed of are as timid as if they had done something wrong; while others who ought to be ashamed of themselves are unabashed and brazen. Examples confirmative of this abound. Really pathetic is E. R. Sill's letter from California to a friend in Boston, when he contemplated returning East. The poet and essayist was full of dread at thought of facing his old associates. He was in a panic of self-distrust lest he find himself out of tune with his Eastern environment, unable to function up to expectations of friends and critics, or even his own standards of behavior and performance, and so be a disappointment to his circle and a mortification to himself. He shrank from the ordeal and hesitated whether to come at all. Equally painful reading is the reply written by Joel Chandler Harris at the age of twenty-seven to a middle-aged lady friend who had urged him to come out of his seclusion, mingle more with people, go into society, make friends. His answer suggests the sensitiveness of one whose skin was sore to the touch, so did he shrink from social contact, so conscious was he of his defects, which his imagination magnified. He confessed to this wise, honest, sincere friend that he simply could not endure society. He felt himself destitute of social graces and unfit for social intercourse. Francis Thompson cites Shelley as an instance of a sensitive spirit made hypersensitive and shy by petty persecution from his fellows, who, though they stopped short of physical injury, caused him to be likened by Thompson to a little Saint Sebastian, stung by barbed arrows which filled his school days with rankling resentment. Shyest of women was Emily Dickinson, the Hermit Thrush of Amherst, who hid herself out of sight and out of reach in impenetrable seclusion, not only from the world outside her front gate, but even from old and honorable friends who traveled distances in hope of seeing her. Very recently two nieces of Henry Adams have told us that he was painfully sensitive and shy of revealing himself, shrinking from the approach of strangers and sometimes even of friends. He invented many devices for concealing himself. One of his ways of hiding from company was to devote himself to any child that was within reach. With utter humility and self-abasement he would become the awe-inspired playmate of the tiniest child that came where he was.

Biographies, autobiographies, and testimonies of friends give the

impression that the number of those who regard themselves as handicapped by disadvantages (which they exaggerate) in comparison with others (whose advantages they magnify) is larger than we would expect to find in the class counted worthy of biographical commemoration. And shyness resulting from the notion of personal inferiority is made to seem more prevalent than is generally supposed. Instances multiply upon our notice continually.

A great teacher revealed his sensitiveness over a defect so slight that no one else ever noticed or thought of it, by speaking of himself in a letter as "the man with a broken face."

That gifted woman Mary Russell Mitford betrayed her unhappy consciousness in a letter thus: "My verses are not graceful. They are lumpish, short and thick—squat, like their luckless author. If you wish a correct likeness of your poor little dumpy friend, get a round red radish or an overblown peony by way of head, on a good-sized white turnip by way of body, and you have her figure."

We have been told lately that Eliza Savage, the little lame lady whom Samuel Butler eulogized in verse and in his books as surpassing all other women in brilliancy and goodness, and with whom he cherished a fond and intimate friendship through many years, lived her life without love's fruition and died "paling with a hid chagrin" in bitterness of heart because her lover held back from marrying her on account of her homely face.

Charles Darwin was afraid to propose to his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, because he conceived himself to be repellently homely. "A very unnecessary fear," said the lady, whose acceptance filled him with childlike gratitude for her goodness and condescension in consenting.

John Ruskin, High Priest in the temple of Beauty, was unbeautiful in the outward man and was acutely aware of his defects. When Maggie Benson wrote to him, asking for his picture, he told a friend he would not send it because he was so ugly. When he was lecturing on Modern Painters at Oxford University an undergraduate described his "tawny reddish hair, retreating chin, and nose hooked like an eagle's beak." In addition his mouth had a queer pugnacious twist from one lip having been torn by the bite of a dog when he was a child. He let his full beard grow to hide his face as much as possible.

John Addington Symonds believed, until he was a grown man, that he filled everybody with repugnance; if anyone happened to pass without noticing him he construed it as an intentional slight, a sign of aversion.

A. C. Benson recalls that in childhood and youth he suffered torture from a morbid fear of being ridiculed or disliked.

Emerson all his life felt himself ill adapted to society, a kill-joy, casting restraint and gloom and chill on the company by his presence. Shyness began in him in boyhood when he and his brother, who had only one overcoat between them, were made to feel their poverty by the jeers of other boys who taunted them with, "Whose turn is it to wear the coat next?"

A well-mothered and wise-mothering woman writes: "My own dear little mother suffered through life with a belief that strangers were repelled by her unpretty face; while her friends and her children loved her face, seeing only the charm of mind and heart that looked forth." Such shun society as if bowing to Milton's dictum, "It is for homely features to stay home."

A sensible woman of fifty confesses to her oldest friend that she has all her years been hampered and deterred by the notion that she is dull in comparison with more vivacious and voluble persons; whereas her friends know that she is above the average in brightness and solid good sense. Not a few fine women have been made shy by similar notions. Though they did not visibly pale and grow thin, as did the little Lady of the Castle in Browning's *Flight of the Duchess*, yet they carried, like her, "a hid chagrin."

Pathetic indeed is Laurence Hutton's account of his sufferings in early life because of his physical peculiarities and the heartless comments on them, which exaggerated them to his consciousness and intensified his pain. For years he was in dread of the coming of February 14, because of the comic valentines he was sure to receive with caricatures of his big, bulbous nose and his red hair. When Thackeray saw him and laid his hand on the boy's head little Laurence thought the great man, like everybody else, was noticing the color of his hair in pity or amusement, and shrank from the touch until he looked up to Thackeray's kindly face and heard him ask gently: "My boy, what are you going to be when you become a man?" When Laurence answered, "A farmer," the big man said, "Well, whatever you are, be a good one."

That famous woman Jane Addams of Hull House tells how she pitied her father, whom she considered very handsome, whenever he took her anywhere with him because she was such an Ugly Duckling. She avoided walking with him on the streets, and would let go his hand and stand aside from him in public places, to prevent people from

seeing that the "ugly pigeon-toed little girl, whose crooked back drew her head very much to one side, was the daughter of that imposing-looking man." The sensitive child wanted to save her adored father from mortification on her account.

Why cite a score or more of instances in illustration of a single trait? Simply to show how widely prevalent shyness is and what kind of persons suffer from it most.

One of Lewis Carroll's child friends relates how delightfully kind he was to her when she was seven years old—a thin, nervous, scrawny child and very sensitive about her poor ugly little self. One day in the Botanical Gardens Lewis Carroll told her Hans Andersen's story of the "Ugly Duckling" and impressed on her that it was better to be plain and good and obedient, respectful, truthful, and unselfish than to be a pretty child, spoiled, selfish, vain and disagreeable. And he said comfortingly, "Never mind, little Ducky, perhaps some day you will turn out a swan." Such a change is not an infrequent happening. "What a pity you are so homely," said a tactless relative to a growing girl at the ill-proportioned awkward age, when, in Lanier's words, "She do grow owdaciously." She broke that poor child's heart. Twenty-two years later, in that same college town, three gentlemen conversing on the street, lifted their hats to that girl as she passed and one, a lawyer, said: "There goes the finest looking woman in town."

What was the idea Rodin, the powerful French sculptor, tried to put into "The Man with a Broken Nose"? Two things plainly visible in it are pain and power. The married man has not less intellect than Rodin's "Thinker," and has more will. Was Rodin saying that those two things go together, that power is born of pain? That consciousness of outward defect rouses resolution and compacts character? That the soul capitalizes its suffering into capacity and richness of resource? Did this modern artist, who has something of Michael Angelo's ruggedness, get his idea from the spoiled face of that great master sculptor? M. Angelo was in his day "The Man with a Broken Nose," a fellow student named Torrigiano having broken it in a fit of jealous anger in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence. Thackeray was in his day *The Man with a Broken Nose*. It was a beautiful aquiline until an older pupil at Charterhouse School hammered it flat with a boot heel. However these wonderings about Rodin's meaning be answered, two things are plain. One is that no disfigurement or defacement, no defect in appearance, can minimize merit or diminish

greatness. The other is that educational environment and artistic culture and intellectual atmosphere cannot surely prevent boys or men from being savages.

Why should a man be reviled even in polite circles for his facial nonconformities? Most uncourtly was the behavior of the King's Men when they vented their dislike of an eminent essayist and critic by dubbing him "Pimpled Hazlitt." What philosophical necessity was there for Professor William James to comment on what he called "the flagrant physiognomy" of William Hunt, the artist? "It will require a long time to civilize mankind, to work the ape and tiger out and work the angel in," thought John Muir in the arctic when he saw his companions shooting polar bears just for the savage sport of killing. With Muir "near to nature's heart meant near to God." He would not needlessly set foot upon a worm, nor purchase his pleasure at cost of suffering to the meanest thing that breathes. John Muir was one of God's own gentlemen.

Some of those who presumably count themselves comely are severe toward the less favored. That perverse, pernicious, pestiferous thinker Nietzsche, disastrous misleader of many German minds, promulgator of ideas which brought ruin to his country, despiser of the Man of Galilee, opposer of the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, was pitiless toward the uncomely. His doctrine is that the world was made for the strongest and the handsomest. His Calvinism is scientific and German. Roughly speaking its reasoning runs toward action thus: Only the fittest shall survive; we are qualified judges of fitness; our judgment is that we ourselves are the fittest; nature decrees that the less fit shall disappear; our duty is to cooperate with nature by accelerating the disappearance of the unfit. Therefore, exterminate them. Attention, company! Fix bayonets! Forward, march!

A fair sample of Nietzsche's feeling toward the uncomely is his sneer at Socrates: "He was ugly, and ugliness is often the sign of a thwarted development. The typical criminal and the decadent and defective are ugly. Socrates was a chronic valetudinarian and a mistake."

Of like æsthetic temper with Nietzsche toward the less comely was Wainwright, a dark-haired English artist, who, when arraigned in court for murdering Helen Abercrombie, a tall blonde with yellow hair, shrugged his shoulders and said coolly: "Yes, it was a dreadful thing to do, but she wasn't pretty and she had very thick ankles." Therefore he felt himself excusable for putting poison in her jelly.

Also we have witnessed most senseless and cruel fastidiousness on the part of our national government. When America entered the world war a young man of splendid physique, perfect health and more than average mental ability, left college to give his life to his country. He was refused admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis solely because of a small birthmark on his face. For a slight surface blemish, in no way affecting his fitness for efficient and handsome service, a first-class man was rejected; his mortification embittered by a feeling of injustice most stupidly inflicted. He had more reason to be ashamed of the senselessness of his government than of himself.

Taking Lincoln by his looks, Nietzsche would have put him in the class with Socrates as "a mistake." Our great Liberator was described by an American contemporary as "a Hoosier Michelangelo, having a face so awful ugly it becomes fascinating with its strange mouth, its deep-cut crisscross lines and doughnut complexion." John Drinkwater makes Lincoln conscious of all this by putting in his mouth the words, "I can take ridicule. I'm trained to it by my odd face and form." Homely and humble Abe Lincoln was murdered by a proud and handsome man, Wilkes Booth. Yet it has come to pass that Americans looking on that gaunt and angular figure feel themselves, like Lowell, "face to face with one of Plutarch's men," and recall without irreverence Isaiah's vision of Jehovah's servant, whose "visage was marred more than any man and his form more than the sons of men." And he is so lofty a figure that there is no man alive on earth to-day who approaches his stature or resembles

"That kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

The first but not the last American. We hear no voice now denying that the rugged, uncomely man who slept and forgot to wake at Oyster Bay January 6, 1919, was an American. That fine Americanized Briton Alfred Noyes, with a feeling of part ownership in the Founder of this Republic, looking back to our Revolutionary War, speaks of "George Washington, our Englishman, who fought the German king."

Marks of individuality serve to diversify the world. Chesterton insists that there is character, dignity and distinction in being different from the common run, and that it is one's peculiarities that make one noticeable, interesting and enjoyable. He says that Rembrandt in his

paintings declared the sane and manly gospel that a man is dignified, not when he is like a Greek god, smooth and symmetrical of form and feature, but when his face has individuality, say "a strong, clubby nose like a cudgel, a boldly-blocked square head, and a jaw like a steel-trap. As we like to see a crag jut out in bold decision from the face of the cliff and to see the cedars stand up hardily on the cliff's top, so we like to see a nose jut out decisively and to see a friend's red hair stand up hardily in bristles on his head." We quite agree with Chesterton, and in confirmation of his statement we will e'en admit that we like our Chesterton just as he is, huge and massive. We would not wish him to be less mountainous. And there is our own Bishop Bashford, whom we crown with love and honor. He is described as an awkward country youth, entering the University of Wisconsin, lanky, uncouth, unerect, a butt of ridicule. He never became the glass of fashion or the mold of form, but kept his characteristics life long, and every one of them endeared him to us. Not one outline or peculiarity would we alter. His stooped shoulders, his odd little lubricating laugh which even in his public speech bubbled without cause like the spontaneous laughter of a child; his half-lisping utterance, and even his phenomenal, inimitable cough—not one of these would we lose from our memory of Bashford, that apostolic bishop, who had the brain of a sagacious, far-sighted statesman, wise with the wisdom that cometh from above, and the pure heart of a child, harmless as a dove, guileless as an angel, a confirming illustration of the lines:

"The best men ever prove the wisest, too;
Something instructive guides them still aright."

Not for anything would we have James W. Bashford changed into the likeness of any man we know.

And now, without intending any disrespect, we will inquire of Mr. Handsome Phiz, proud of his fine façade, whether it is on the whole an advantage to a man to be conspicuously handsome. And as for prettiness, does anybody admire it in a man? A bishop lecturing on Abraham Lincoln said: "Next to a mangy yellow dog I hate to see a pretty man."

Which is the more impressive, Adonis or Hercules? The almost girlish grace and beauty of Raphael or the smashed and wrinkled face of his rugged rival, Michael Angelo? James Buchanan's smooth, bland, grandmotherly, clerical look, or Lincoln's craggy features and gaunt angular form? The urbane, polite society

club man's countenance and well-groomed figure of Chester A. Arthur,¹ or the knitted, intense, stressful, dynamic face and sinewy, hard-muscled body of Theodore Roosevelt? The suave, affable, courtly pink complaisance and shapely build of Chauncey M. Depew or the nobly rugged head and form of Cleveland H. Dodge?

Which of these are most impressive?

Some years ago a certain man was published as being the most perfect specimen of physical symmetry and soundness then existing. By scientific measurements and tests applied by experts he was the prize model of manly grace and beauty. Apparently that was all there was to say about that pink of perfection. He was never heard of before or since. Victor Emanuel I was the ugliest man in Italy, but the best king in Europe in his day—the best because the most honest and faithful. He said truly, "I don't pretend to be wise, but I always keep my word." His signed pledge was not "a scrap of paper." He towers high forever above the despicably wicked gang of intentional, habitual, incorrigible liars who have ruled and ruined Germany and incurred the contempt of the civilized world.

Tennyson describes Maud, passing in her carriage, as "Perfectly beautiful, faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null. Dead perfection, no more." Not such have been the mothers of the strong, wise, great men of the earth. None of them were born of peacocks or fashion plates and few were mothered by female beauties. Not such was the mother of King Lemuel, who gave her son the immortal description of the ideal woman preserved for all generations in that wonderful last chapter of the Book of Proverbs. It is a portraiture of sterling character, not of superficial charms. Grace and beauty are not dwelt upon. The only mention of them says they are deceitful and vain. It is a portrait of a womanhood compact of sterling virtues and imperishable values, a woman that feareth the Lord, undeniably magnificent. She laughs at time to come, for her ineffable charms are such as age cannot wither. Her husband and her children will always rise up to call her

¹Mr. Arthur's tailor advertised him as the best-dressed of American Presidents. But Senator Capper, of Kansas, claims that distinction for the present incumbent. This senator, after an hour alone with Mr. Willson, said: "I was most impressed by the nicety of his dress. He was attired in a blue coat, white flannel trousers, and immaculate white kid shoes. Certainly he deserves the title of our best-dressed President." If he had been asking approval for his attire, rather than for his treaty, when he appeared before the Senate, that body would have been constrained by sartorial standards to approve without reservations.

blessed, and her works will praise her in the gates. Before the most august assembly of men and angels, she has no reason to be shy or abashed, this truly ideal woman. And great is her reward in heaven.

ROOSEVELT ON THE GREAT ADVENTURE

FISHER AMES, the New England Federalist, and official eulogist of Washington, said of Alexander Hamilton, "The name of Hamilton would have honored Greece in the days of Aristides." Yet Hamilton ended his brief career with the inanity, asininity, and immorality of a duel. The mind of Theodore Roosevelt would have added moral dignity to Rome in the days of Marcus Aurelius. Tom Reed's remark about "Roosevelt's enthusiasm over his original discovery of the Ten Commandments," was not a jest. Roosevelt rediscovered them, and the ten fingers of his two clenched fists, like the laws of Sinai, were lifted to enforce righteousness. He drove money-changers out of the temple with a whip, and in the Venezuelan business he took the Kaiser by the throat and brought that swaggering bully to his knees, as John Hay relates. This spirit had the "truculent righteousness" which blazes against wickedness. And now even his opponents say, "The most remarkable and striking figure in public life in fifty years," and to-day, when the sharpest of all demands is for Americanism, men of opposing parties point to him and say, "The greatest American since Lincoln." In order that the permanent literature of our church may not be without a breath in its pages from the living soul and quickening spirit of Theodore Roosevelt, we reprint from the Metropolitan "The Great Adventure," written while our country was in the world war. It is one of his simplest commonplaces, for no particular occasion, as natural as the red blood in his veins and the wholesome breath in his nostrils. Yet nothing loftier on its subject has been spoken by man.

Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for unless its sons and daughters thought of life not as something concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual but as a link in

the great chain of creation and causation, so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose life must be made to serve the larger and continuing life of the whole. Therefore it is that the man who is not willing to die and the woman who is not willing to send her man to die in a war for a great cause, are not worthy to live. Therefore it is that the man and woman who in peace time fear or ignore the primary and vital duties and the high happiness of family life, who dare not beget and bear and rear the life that is to last when they are in their graves, have broken the chain of creation, and have shown that they are unfit for companionship with the souls ready for the Great Adventure.

The wife of a fighting soldier at the front recently wrote as follows to the mother of a gallant boy, who at the front had fought in high air like an eagle, and, like an eagle, fighting had died: "I write these few lines—not of condolence, for who would dare to pity you? but of deepest sympathy to you and yours as you stand in the shadow which is the earthly side of those clouds of glory in which your son's life has just passed. Many will envy you that when the call to sacrifice came you were not found among the paupers to whom no gift of life worth offering had been entrusted. They are the ones to be pitied, not we whose dearest are jeopardizing their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. I hope my two sons will live as worthily and die as greatly as yours."

There spoke one dauntless soul to another! America is safe while her daughters are of this kind; for their lovers and their sons cannot fail, as long as beside the hearthstones stand such wives and mothers. And we have many, many such women; and their men are like unto them.

With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself, but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done and of risk and danger never wantonly courted but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced. And those who have earned joy, but are rewarded only with sorrow, must learn the stern comfort dear to great souls, the comfort that springs from the knowledge taught in times of iron that the law of worthy living is not fulfilled by pleasure, but by service, and by sacrifice when only thereby can service be rendered.

No nation can be great unless its sons and daughters have in them the quality to rise level to the needs of heroic days. Yet this heroic quality is but the apex of a pyramid of which the broad founda-

tions must solidly rest on the performance of duties so ordinary that to impatient minds they seem commonplace. No army was ever great unless its soldiers possessed the fighting edge. But the finest natural fighting edge is utterly useless unless the soldiers and the junior officers have been through months, and the officers of higher command and the general staff through years, of hard, weary, intensive training. So likewise the citizenship of any country is worthless unless in a crisis it shows the spirit of the two million Americans who in this mighty war have eagerly come forward to serve under the Banner of the Stars, afloat and ashore, and of the other millions who would now be beside them over seas if the chance had been given them; and yet such spirit will in the long run avail nothing unless in the years of peace the average man and average woman of the duty-performing type realize that the highest of all duties, the one essential duty, is the duty of perpetuating the family life, based on the mutual love and respect of the one man and the one woman and on their purpose to rear the healthy and fine-souled children whose coming into life means that the family, and therefore the nation, shall continue in life and shall not end in a sterile death.

Woe to those who invite a sterile death; a death not for them only, but for the race; the death which is insured by a life of sterile selfishness.

But honor, highest honor, to those who fearfully face death for a good cause; no life is so honorable or so fruitful as such a death. Unless men are willing to fight and die for great ideals, including love of country, ideals will vanish, and the world will become one huge sty of materialism. And unless the women of ideals bring forth the men who are ready thus to live and die, the world of the future will be filled by the spawn of the unfit. Alone of human beings the good and wise mother stands on a plane of equal honor with the bravest soldier; for she has gladly gone down to the brink of the chasm of darkness to bring back the children in whose hands rests the future of the years. But the mother, and far more the father, who flinch from the vital task earn the scorn visited on the soldier who flinches in battle. And the nation should by action mark its attitude alike toward the fighter in war and toward the child-bearer in peace and war. The vital need of the nation is that its men and women of the future shall be the sons and daughters of the soldiers of the present. Excuse no man from going to war because he is married; but put all unmarried men above a fixed age at the hardest and most dangerous

tasks; and provide amply for the children of soldiers, so as to give their wives the assurance of material safety.

In such a matter one can only speak in general terms. At this moment there are hundreds of thousands of gallant men eating out their hearts because the privilege of facing death in battle is denied them. So there are innumerable women and men whose undeserved misfortune it is that they have no children or but one child. These soldiers denied the perilous honor they seek, these men and women heart-hungry for the children of their longing dreams, are as worthy of honor as the men who are warriors in fact, as the women whose children are of flesh and blood. If the only son who is killed at the front has no brother because his parents coldly dreaded to play their part in the Great Adventure of Life, then our sorrow is not for them, but solely for the son who himself dared the Great Adventure of Death. If, however, he is the only son because the Unseen Powers denied others to the love of his father and mother, then we mourn doubly with them because their darling went up to the sword of Azrael, because he drank the dark drink proffered by the Death Angel.

In America to-day all our people are summoned to service and sacrifice. Pride is the portion only of those who know bitter sorrow or the foreboding of bitter sorrow. But all of us who give service, and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch-bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners. The torches whose flame is brightest are borne by the gallant men at the front, and by the gallant women whose husbands and lovers, whose sons and brothers are at the front. These men are high of soul, as they face their fate on the shell-shattered earth, or in the skies above or in the waters beneath; and no less high of soul are the women with torn hearts and shining eyes; the girls whose boy lovers have been struck down in their golden morning, and the mothers and wives to whom word has been brought that henceforth they must walk in the shadow.

These are the torch-bearers; these are they who have dared the Great Adventure.

DEMOCRACY TO-DAY¹

WE find ourselves to-day in a world in which democracy is facing its supreme struggle. It has triumphed over autocratic aristocracy

¹By Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Chancellor of New York University.

only to plunge into a momentous conflict with autocratic anarchy. The nomenclature is chaotic, but not more so than the situation. Democracy has come to be the middle ground. It now represents our main hope for stabilized social relationships.

This main ground of our hope, on the human side—what does it mean for our institutions of religion and education? Let me touch on three or four outstanding features of the case.

The first essential of democracy is that men, however differently circumstanced, shall understand one another and shall care to understand one another. This is so obvious a fact that it is often overlooked. It seems to call for reiteration. Is not this essentially a Christian attitude? Whoever has this spirit has in him, I think, some of the real stuff of Christianity. Yet it will take all of the Christianity there is at large to bring the Christian world into this spirit.

In the second place, the spread of democracy means cooperation. This again is so elementary a fact that its significance is disregarded. It means that the helpfulness of man to man is to be reciprocal. It rules out servility and it rules out condescension. The lion is to help the mouse in the same spirit that the mouse shall help the lion. And each is to feel the same sort of gratitude toward the other.

In the third place, leadership in our democracy is singularly inwrought with the daily life of the people. It is harder than ever for one set apart, whatever his throne may be, to give direction to a people's life. This fact has led some theorists to maintain that mass-movements of popular opinion will put an end to all individual leadership. This conception has profound religious implications—that the moving of the great waters is to make the ocean-stream of history, flowing resistless through its appointed course, flowing unchanged by what any man or institution can do to hurry or to retard or to change its ways. The raw stuff of a world-religion is here. But closer examination reveals the movement of the crowd, as made up of the endless interaction of manifold forms and grades of leadership. The greater and the lesser prophets are still there, and their word is precious, down to the least of them, whenever they speak truth.

In the fourth place, the higher life of our democracy cannot be considered as apart from our economic life. In every form of human society from the beginning this has been measurably true. But history, under the spell of ethics and æsthetics, has walked backward with averted gaze, to hide the shame. Our democracy, on the other

hand, is finding new dignity, of humanity and service, in the daily need and the daily toil; is finding there a more rugged æsthetics and ethics. How shall people live their life in that part of life in which they are making a living? This is a concern of our newer democracy, an open and an honorable concern.

To what end do these considerations lead, as regards our coming education? They would seem to indicate, clearly enough, that the education that is to be will be predominantly humanistic. The obvious emphasis as we emerge from the war is on the side of the physical sciences. I cannot believe that this is to be the decisive and lasting emphasis. The deeper concern that we have brought with us from out the shadow of the conflict, is the concern for humanity, the gnawing hunger in our souls for a betterment of all human life.

The student body in our colleges has been gravitating, since the armistice was signed, toward chemistry and the several branches of engineering, with some indications of a similar drift toward medicine. These tendencies are natural and are not to be deplored. There is plainly a great work to be done by engineers, by chemists and physicians; and students are going forward to meet the age of reconstruction in making their preparation for these scientific pursuits. But as we study the trend of the time it becomes manifest that a returning current is to be anticipated, a second phase, perhaps, of the new education movement, which will concern itself more immediately with those human needs that loom large through the dimness of our day. More and more the engineer finds that his problem of construction is conditioned by the spirit of the men who are to do the work. The physician finds that he cannot rest with the treatment of his individual patients, but is carried forward into problems of community sanitation which are part and parcel with the social problems of the community.

Here is, indeed, a distressing paradox: At the same time that the demands for technical knowledge are advancing, the man who is merely a technical expert finds himself more and more in the position of an employee. His services are bought and paid for by men of larger vision. His captain and employer deals with the most intricate and exacting operations, not as interests beginning and ending in themselves, but as related to the wider needs of human society.

It is plain that the elements with which we are here concerned are not the same as those that have borne the name of humanism in the past. One is tempted to speculate with reference to the particular

branches of study that may forge to the front in the tumult of these times. At one time you will say that psychology is slowly making its way to the leading place, a discipline which has the advantage of being both scientific and personal. At another time, economics, particularly in its more human aspects, seems to be a very "man-of-the-hour" among our studies, the one that is to command the greatest following, if not numerically at least as regards its attendant throng of ideas. Perhaps the science of sociology might mediate between these two and become our very science of sciences. No one can say with any certainty. But each of these sciences is changing, to become less deductive and analytic; each of them is enlarging to take into its view the atmospheric qualities of humanity. Their scope is widening, too, to embrace a psychology of nations—a psychology, a social science, of mankind. And every day makes more evident the fact that to be a full-grown citizen, or a master of any business or profession, one must have an organized knowledge of the human race.

I must resist a temptation to speak of other departments of knowledge as related to our new problem of studies. But before I close, I should like to say a few words regarding the place of history in our new curriculum—or let us say, of historical studies, since we must realize that history is broken up already into many lines of instruction and research.

You will recall that passage in Sismondi's *History of the Italian Republics* beginning with the words, "History has no true importance save as it teaches a moral lesson. It should be explored, not for scenes of carnage, but for instruction in the government of mankind." More and more is it clear that the moral teachings of history, its instruction in the art of government, are not specific lessons. For history has been made in the past and will be made in the future altogether by the doing of unprecedented things. History is a record of surprises, of departures from the beaten track. The greatest master of historic science cannot predict what may happen to-morrow in Paris or in Rome, or furnish government with formulae to meet the crises of the new-born day.

The service of history goes deeper. It ripens our short-lived experience, with the suns of other years and other generations. It stabilizes our judgments, the judgments of our narrow time and place, by wider comparisons, reaching out into all the ages. It gives us a profounder knowledge of humankind. In so doing, it guards us against a reckless spirit of iconoclasm,

Yet it would be a mistake to regard history simply as a bulwark of conservatism. A renaissance has commonly begun with the re-examination of a traditional civilization. It is a fresh start from the beginning of things. In like manner, every new generation must find itself and form itself through a reinterpretation of its heroic traditions. The severer methods of historic research in our day and the rediscovery from time to time of documentary evidence, renders history in the modern sense a sword of power, a very maker of new history.

The record of recent centuries must obviously be rewritten in the searching lights cast backward from this war. And that rewritten history will have incalculable influence in the molding of our new democracy.

For all of us whose lives have been shaped and nurtured by an historic Christianity, the future of research and teaching in the field of history must be of capital importance. It goes without saying that such research and teaching must be free. The corollary of that freedom must be found in ripened knowledge and a matured sense of high responsibility.

The faith we cherish, the faith we would spread abroad, is faith in the eternal verities. We know that what is new has a moving appeal for unstable natures, in a time of sweeping change. We know, moreover, that what is new and only new shall in its time grow old—that the only things that never grow old are the things that never were new. We know that childish natures, and stronger natures, too, grown tired at last with disappointing novelties, will come drifting back again, a-hungred for the things that shall endure. What overshadowing responsibility must, then, be theirs who in each new generation shall seek to separate the truth that is eternal, from those accidents, attendant circumstances, which cling to it as if they would deceive the very elect.

No small part of this responsibility, in the years immediately before us, will fall upon our students and teachers of history; of institutional history, of the history of culture and the history of thought, and of the mighty literatures of our historic civilization. Any forecast then of new developments in our education must give an important place to the historical sciences and disciplines, and the teachers of history and its related subjects must bear their part in the making of the age that is to be.

THE ARENA**"BEING PICTURES IS BETTER THAN BUYING PICTURES"**

THE title is a borrowed quotation from the writings of John Ruskin. We each look at life from our own individual standpoint—in interpreting life our temperamental character colors it. To the natural musician the world is a place ever filled with music; to the painter the world is a vast panorama; to the scientist the world is a complicated scientific problem to be solved and explained. If we bear this fact in mind we shall not be in the least surprised that John Ruskin should have expressed the true purpose of life here below, with its lofty ideals and high aims, in such a picturesque manner. Speaking of the roadside pool, or pond, he says: "There is as much landscape in it as above it. It is not the brown, muddy, dull thing we suppose, it has a heart like ourselves, and in the bottom of that there are boughs of tall trees, and blades of shaking green grass, and all manner of different hues and pleasant light out of the sky. It is at your own will whether you see in this despoiled stream either the refuse of the street or the image of the sky." We can see the beautiful everywhere if we have only the eyes and the will to see.

Ruskin was a true artist, and we need only read the titles of the many essays he wrote to realize that his soul sensed and gloried in the beautiful in nature and in life. Though he saw pictures everywhere, and though he created for us wonderful word pictures, his artistic sense did not blind him to the fact that in life the one thing of supreme importance to us is not the pictures we see, nor the pictures we create, but the pictures we are. What is a picture and what are its purposes? By a picture we understand a painting, an image, a representation of some object or objects—a likeness which vividly brings to mind some person, place, or thing.

(1) The true picture is an exhibit. It is meant to be displayed. No real picture was ever drawn or painted that was not intended to be seen, and no picture is of any practical value unless it can be exhibited. I have never known of a single example of an artist at work who did not hope and labor secretly to produce a work of art worthy of being exhibited. As he works faithfully on the canvas he is fired by the possibilities that his own creative work, featuring some aspect of life, may eventually find a place on the walls of some Hall of Fame. Of course we have all seen pictures never worthy of such a splendid fate; pictures which had they been put under lock and key or destroyed would have been a real kindness both to the public and the artist himself. Works of this kind are not true pictures; they are but caricatures of true art. Does not this striking analogy of Ruskin's between the picture and human life bring before us one of the most needed lessons to-day? The Divine Creator intended that your life and mine should be seen. God never intended that our lives should be masked, or covered, or disguised; neither did he plan that any life should be wasted between the four

walls of some monastery or retreat. God meant that every life should be an open life. If there are features in our lives of an unpleasant, disagreeable, and unworthy kind, they should be eliminated and improved upon, so that every man can stand erect and face the world with a life of which he is justly proud and which he is ever ready to exhibit. Unless our life is such it means that we are not God's true pictures.

(2) The true picture is of great educational value as well. If you doubt its educational value, I need only remind you that it is said upon the best authority that more than half of the general knowledge we gain comes to us through the sense of sight. It is not what we hear but what we see that is of tremendous import in life, because what we see impresses itself indelibly upon the mind. The illustrated weeklies, the stereopticon lecture, the movies, are all founded upon this fact. The only fault we have to find with them is that they have commercialized it; they have utilized it for purposes of gain rather than for the extension of knowledge. The great art galleries, established and maintained in the great cities of the world, are there to educate the world and purify its taste by examples of true art. If then we are true pictures in the world, our lives should be a constant stimulus to others to cultivate to the utmost their powers; to understand life better, to draw out the best that is in them, and above all other things, to lead them to that higher knowledge, the possession of which is nothing short of personal salvation.

(3) The true picture should charm and please. How often I have said to myself, "If there were no pictures of any kind in this world, either natural or created, what a desolate, monotonous world it would be." How much would you give for a world in which there were no pictures? The true picture brings before us beauty and power, and when beauty and power are properly blended, the appeal is irresistible. In an issue of the *METHODIST REVIEW* several years ago, there is a reference to a visit Robert Louis Stevenson paid to the New Jersey coast in the year 1887. Mrs. Wyatt Eaton describes his personal appearance at that time. He was entertained at Sanborn cottage by a number of friends. "He was tall, frail, emaciated, and ethereal-looking, yet gay, boyish and contagious. Yet in a playful mood, when responding to the banter of his friends, there would creep into his eyes now and then a look which was like a beatitude." We have not found yet the true secret of living unless our life, even in its externals, is like a beatitude, bringing charm, and pleasure, and blessing to others about us.

A recent writer said, and with perfect truth, "Every day is a judgment: judgment waits at the doors of our homes and at the corners of our streets. We are in the midst of judgment." What kind of a judgment is it for us? Will it be a judgment of a favorable kind or not? The verdict is with us; if we are living lives which are open, helpful, useful, and charming, we need never fear the judgment of man or God. The one pressing need to-day for each of us is to make up our minds we shall always be God's true pictures in the world. "Being pictures is better than buying pictures."

EVAN EVANS.

Turin, N. Y.

MIRACLES

"THE greatest offense of religion is its superstitious belief in miracles," says Strauss. The Christian believes in a miracle-working God, and the entire ground-work of our faith is the fact of miracles. He who does not believe in miracles must be either a Deist or an Atheist. Miracles can be an offense only to one who is offended at religion itself. Ignorance and superstition are not constituent elements in the Christian belief, as Strauss does charge. The truth of miracles, a divine revelation, and God are the best established facts in the world. The Rationalists, who claim to believe in God, but will not accept anything that is not in harmony with the laws of nature, that cannot be accounted for and explained by a course of human reasoning, are guilty of being illogical and inconsistent. A denial of the possibility of miracles leads to the annihilation not only of Christianity but also of the free, living, personal God. Our religion is based upon the fact that certain superhuman powers extend their influence into the sphere of our lives. To deny the immediate action of those higher powers in the world, as in miracles, is to deny that God has any present interest or concern in the world, which is Deistical. If we grant that God has a personal existence, yet separate him from the world, and leave it to its own laws, then we need not care much for God, for he does not care specially for us, and we really have no need of divine service and prayer, for God cannot interfere with our life. He has no freedom of action in opposition to the course of nature, no true vitality, no continuous activity. He is only a sleepless, inactive, listless something above the world, but without communication with it, like the dot over the *i*. Is such a being a God worthy of worship, or indeed a God at all?

The personality of God and the personality of man stand or fall together. To abandon the personality of God, you destroy the personality of man. To separate the world from God's oversight and immediate supervision confines us to our present temporal existence, and leaves us without any safeguard against the worst materialism. Consider what effect the extermination of miracles would have on our personal life. If you think you can trace the guiding hand of God at many a turning point in your history, you are only a dreamer! He does not know you or inquire after you. You need not beseech God for the recovery of that child who lies at the point of death; you must wait with a trembling heart the blind, deaf process of nature, and then give it up forever, for there is no resurrection. You claim to experience the new birth; that is most unnatural, and you are self-deceived!

He who believes in a living God must logically believe in miracles. The Rationalists admit that at the creation God performed miracles upon miracles. What God has once done he must always be able to do, otherwise he would cease to be God. The necessity of miracles arises on the one hand from the divine end and aim of the world, and on the other hand from the disturbance introduced into its development through sin. Miracles are not unnatural, but supernatural. They don't

violate the condition of life, of nature, or of humanity. Miracles are the notes of a higher harmony which resound throughout the discords of earthly history. Hume said, "If anything could take place in nature contrary to its laws, God would contradict himself." We maintain that just the reverse is true; if God performed no miracles, and left the world to itself, he would contradict himself. He must perform miracles in order to maintain the end for which the world was created, and to bring it to the destination which was originally intended. God's miraculous action does not contradict nature and its laws, but the unnatural, which has entered the world through sin, and counteracts its destructive consequences in order to restore the life of the world to holy order. Only those who, like Hume, deny the reality of sin and its destructive power can question the necessity of miracles.

It is said that the world would go to ruin if God, through his interference, should violate the order of nature. But just the reverse is true: it would immediately go to ruin if left to itself, and therefore it exists to this day only because in every age God has graciously interfered in its self-inflicted disorder. Miracles supernaturally break through the unnatural. It is certainly contrary to the laws of nature, and of truth most unnatural, that one should have eyes and not see, ears and not hear, organs of speech and not speak, or limbs without the power to use them, but not that a Saviour should loose his fetters. It is unnatural that there should be so much misery in the world, but not that a Saviour should seek to remove it. It were, indeed, unnatural that the five thousand who had gone out after the Word of life should starve in the wilderness, but not that the bountiful hand of God should open and make much out of little, as he once made the universe out of nothing. It was unnatural that the world should nail the only righteous One to the cross, but not that he should conquer death, should rise and victoriously enter into his glory. In every one of these cases the unnatural is removed by means of the miraculous, and the original laws of nature are reestablished. Miracles can be understood only when considered in connection with redemption. A miracle is the creative act of God, for the furtherance of his kingdom. The object created and introduced into the world produces no changes in the laws of nature, but as soon as it enters the world it becomes subject to the laws of nature. So Christ came, not by the will of man, but through a creative act of God, the greatest of all miracles. The order of nature, too, is respected. A man about thirty years of age does not come suddenly from heaven, but from the moment of conception by the creative act of God, he is subject to all the natural conditions of birth and individual life in its gradual development.

With the truth of miracles Christianity stands or falls. For its beginning was a miracle, its Author is a miracle, its progress depends upon miracles, and they will hereafter be its consummation. If the principles of miracles be set aside, then all the heights of Christianity will be leveled with one stroke, and naught will remain but a heap of ruins. Thus we see what a great victory it would be for our adversaries, if they were able to banish miracles, and this is why they concentrate their at-

tacks upon this point. To one who has experienced in his own heart the miracle of regeneration through the power of Christ, this miraculous power is the most certain of all things.

Do miracles still occur? If miracles are directed against the disorder of the world, as we have shown, and sin and evil, misery and disorder still abound, then there still exists a necessity for miracles, and for the reestablishment of the original order. The first stroke made against miracles generally is, they do not happen now-a-days; therefore they never happened at all. But we are not willing to admit, on our part, that the day of miracles is past. Miracles have taken place in every epoch of the world's history from creation's dawn to the present day. There have been times and occasions when there was special display of the miraculous power, as in the times of Moses and Christ and the apostles, and again, at the last epoch of the consummation of the church, the Scriptures tell us, many great and miraculous things shall take place. The special miraculous period is when the kingdom of God is on the eve of a momentous advance. However, there were miracles before Moses, and the miraculous power was often demonstrated from Moses to Christ. But, as we have already seen, miracles are a matter of education, and that may be one reason there are fewer miracles now than formerly; they are less needed. But I am persuaded that the trouble of our times is that we have lost the key to miracle-working faith. God only can work miracles. "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down," and, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you." Miracles are no more impossible now than they were in the time of our Lord.

A missionary in South Africa tells of a native Christian who came up with an old friend that was a cripple in both legs. After he had gone out and prayed he came back to the cripple and said, "The same Jesus who made the lame to walk can do so still; I say to thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, rise up and walk." The lame man, with kindred faith, arose and walked, to the astonishment of all who knew him.

On one occasion deadly poison was put in the rice of the missionary, and the heathen watched for him to fall down dead as he ate it, but he did not experience the slightest inconvenience. The promise was fulfilled, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them."

Nothing but the fact of a miracle can explain how that, without ever applying to any one for a gift, George Muller built those great palaces near Bristol, in which he provided for hundreds of orphans. Thus, similar incidents might be piled up to prove that miracles do still occur.

He who does not believe in the continual government of God's providence has lost the key for understanding the entire history of the world and has no longer any safeguard against the thoughtless belief in chance, which explains nothing.

I have seen a miracle. A man who was a drunkard, and had gone down to the depths of degradation, is saved and cured by the hand of an unseen Christ, and he became a blessing instead of a blight to

society. We have all seen the acts of such wonder-working power, yea, many of us have realized it in our own lives.

One day a lady missionary in New York found a fallen woman in a low dive, but could make little impression on her. Some days afterwards she found her sitting on the steps of the "Door of Hope." Her first thought was, "She is too low to be saved," but when she came up to her she took her sin-stained face in her hands and kissed it twice. The touch of love broke the girl's heart, and she gave herself to God. She herself soon became a missionary to her fallen sisters, and when she died a few years later she had won hundreds to Christ. They came and looked on her when she was dead and exclaimed, "Her face is like an angel's." The miraculous work done in Mary Magdalene was certainly no greater than that that was done for this woman.

Mr. Moody tells of an opium-eater that came into his meetings in Boston. His case was one of long standing, every human remedy having utterly failed, and he begged to know if there was any hope for him in Christ. And prayer was made for him and he was led to accept Christ, and he came out the next day with the glad tidings that his appetite was gone. Mr. Moody testifies that he was not only saved but permanently cured from the habit of that awful drug. "With God nothing shall be impossible."

N. R. STONE.

Durango, Colorado.

THE PASTOR IN HIS STUDY

In the seventeenth century John Dryden, in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, said that Shakespeare "was naturally learned, and needed not the spectacles of books to read nature."

However, few preachers, if any, are Shakespeares. Like all humans, excepting Shakespeare, we are naturally unlearned. We have great need of the spectacles of books, not all of which, of course, are sure cure-alls, whether one is mentally near-sighted, far-sighted, moon-eyed, or just generally out of focus. Some books, like the wares of some traveling opticians, have nothing to recommend them for clarifying one's work-a-day vision excepting the gullibility of the purchaser; while all of those that are perfectly fitted for ministerial use must not be put at once and forever into their cases. Too many ministers, like buyers of some sure-on glasses, put their literary spectacles away, and then straightway forget where they have placed them. Books, like spectacles, are to be instrumental in better seeing, rather than ornamental for better appearing. In this regard the following words of Gilbert Garnet in reference to Charles II. of England concerning that king's loss of the battle of Worcester and its consequent prevention of his coming into immediate possession of his crown, "He showed more care for his personal appearance than became one who had so much at stake," must not be appropriate concerning the minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And what with him is "at stake"? Not less than victory for God and immortal souls, and the pastor's throne in the community life as a

"workman of God that needeth not be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth." Or, changing the figure, the cure of souls and his efficiency as a doctor of sick immortals are the interwoven and inseparable issues he must meet. The ancient medicine man, with his yells and "yarbs," is not sufficient for these things. Which is to say, the Christian ministry will not depend for success on the incantation of pious ignorance. Here the science and art of rightly handling the word of truth is the necessary skill. And for it there are three rules. The first is prayerful application in study. The second is more of prayerful application in study. And the third is still more of prayerful application in study. And when one has become altogether rooted and grounded in this practice, he then may hope to go profitably to others than himself in visitation from house to house and from shop to shop during week days, and into the public dispensary, his pulpit, twice a Sabbath as a workman approved unto God, and as one who needeth not be ashamed among skilled workmen of other trades or callings.

In his study the minister of Jesus Christ will first of all study the Bible in reference to the cure of souls. The Bible is at once both his pathology and his materia medica. It may be interesting privately to know whether E or J or D or P, or some of these, conjointly, recorded the facts or compiled the information contained in revelation. But, when it comes to combating the disease of sin in any or all of its forms the patients both desire and need the medicine direct, without any ado whatsoever. A physician studies his patients' symptoms, then mixes and compounds his medicines, and gives the doses according to his patients. The ministry, like the students of a great medical university in the eastern part of the United States, must learn that in practice there is no iron-clad dose. An iron constituted sinner will need from a double to a treble dose. This sin-sick world knows that it needs the gospel, though it may not always want the gospel, except as a last resort when all other remedies in vogue have failed and the patient has all but breathed his last. And for its needs, whenever fully recognized, it asks for "a doctor of the old school," like Ian MacLaren's in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," one who can "ride faster, stay longer in the saddle, and have a firmer grip with his knees, all for mercy's sake, than any one it has met." And when this good doctor gets to his patient, something direct, like old Drumtochty's doctor's words, "There's naethin' wrang wi' yir laddle but greed. Give 'im a gude dose o' castor oil and stop his meat for a day, an' he'll be a' richt in the morn," will count for more than pale pills of poetic sentiment and critical analysis for pink intellectuals. Moody as a successful business man brought to his cure of souls plenty of initiative and tact: but the chief element of his wonderfully successful career was his thorough knowledge of the Bible and his constant use of its plain truths for getting people saved.

Along with being prayerfully a man of The Book; of being one who reads his Bible in reference to the cure of souls, one must study everything in reference to his Bible as he pursues his courses of reading. History, biography, sociology, natural science, philosophy, poetry, theology, fiction,

wit and humor, and current events must not be studied for their own sakes, nor just for love of them. They must serve the evangelistic and prophetic pastor's high calling. They must be made subservient to the Book of books. You will pardon this allusion to my personal habit in this regard. I study my Bible primarily in reference to my life work as an evangelistic pastor, and the books of my library in reference to my Bible. I keep four Bibles going. In one of them, an Oxford Teacher's English revision of 1881, with concordance, I jot down remarkable and illuminating sayings from the poets Browning, Elizabeth Browning, Bryant, Byron, Burns, Homer, Kipling, Longfellow, Lowell, Milton, Shakespeare, Whittier, and the lesser poets of to-day, the place of transcription being the margin of the page nearest the text they illustrate, illuminate, or amplify. In another Bible, a one volume Modern Reader's Bible, I jot down only short sayings of biblical scholars, preachers, statesmen, scientists, philosophers, and "multum in parvo" illustrative material. Another, a leather-bound library edition of the American Revised, with a very wide margin, which I have had since 1901, is my cross reference work and index file to my whole library, and also the repository of the lengthier extracts from everywhere and everyone worth while I have visited in my journeys of religiously literary "wander lust" and found especially helpful in reference to those texts of the Bible that to me are great and good. This inexpensive library file and index meets all my needs, and that so completely that my present salary of \$2,000 never tempts me toward the more expensive and elaborate ones sold by vigorous and tactful agents. Still another Bible, of joint-ownership with my wife, is never marked by either of us, each of us desiring to come often to the reading and study of the Bible with no other prejudice than that of seeing it anew. There is a wise philosophy in this. Bible readers in their use of a marked Bible may only be reviewing, while often the very need to arrive at a point of view never before had is the prejudice one must, and may, gladly meet.

A minister's office hours really are his hours out—his hours when visiting from house to house, and from man to man, and from child to child as a pastor. Folks do not realize how much these hours are to him, nor what supreme issue he is bent on as he leaves his home and study at 3 p. m. in these times to practice daily hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart touch for their moral and spiritual health. Some men may only think him out for an easy-going lounging about with them, or out for a little bit of exercise at arguing politics or the war. Of late I tell such persons in reference to such a bout that I positively decline, since they might suffer the injustice of my thinking them ram-headed, and they might be human enough to think just as highly of me. So, we stop before we begin. Our office hours as ministers of Jesus Christ are for pastoral visiting—not for formal calling and dilettante lounging around with sofa-loving souls. The hours that are naturally ours for mingling with our people are for faithfully keeping the appointment of moral and spiritual oversight of them.

If a minister's office hours are his hours out, what are his hours in his study, with myself from 7:45 a. m. till close to 3 p. m., excepting time off for luncheon and correspondence in keeping with mall closings? They

are not less than a continuous post-graduate course of approaching the sublime degree of "Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect: but I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus." But, they are more. A minister's study hours are his sacred trust from God for personal exercise in keeping himself personally fit, and in increasing his mental, emotional, and volitional powers in and for work moral and spiritual. No man in the world has the personal stewardship that is the equal and size of the Christian minister's. Preparation for sermons and public addresses, and preparation for prayer meetings and Sunday school class work, when these are made with the care that befits a physician to souls, whose needs he would rather die for than neglect in the least, cannot but make a minister of Jesus Christ what Bacon said, "reading, writing, and conversation" make a person to be—"a full man, an exact man, and a ready man." Writing these all out in full, and later revising them and giving them permanent form by pen and ink, or typewriter, as reserves for future battles and larger victories have permitted me the pleasure of seeing some of my sermons, Sunday school lesson talks, and prayer meeting talks finding place in the Methodist Review and Christian Advocates and Sunday school publications of our church, even in one secular magazine. And this I mention simply to emphasize that the average Methodist minister has the talent to prove himself to exacting editors, as well as to charitable brethren in the church and the considerate heavenly Father, "a workman who needeth not be ashamed." And if he but take the time in his study and the careful and prayerful care there he ought, he will not have to strain his mental powers "to show himself a workman that needeth not be ashamed." His work will show him a skilled laborer whose inspiration and perspiration in his study have rewarded him and his people with an hundred-fold of increase in ministerial efficiency. Yes, if in his study he carefully read, carefully write, and fraternally and Socratically converse with authors, and above all else humbly commune all the while with the Bishop of his soul in reference to his ministry as the high and worthy art of moral and spiritual healing, and at once follow all this up with soul-to-soul visitation every day, he may greatly rejoice in a work greater and grander than is the work of any other human's. May the vision of its possibilities transfigure us daily, however average we feel, for the transformation of others!

RALPH W. WYBICK.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE EMANCIPATED CHURCH IN GERMANY

WHEN with the fall of the monarchy the Moderate Democrats assumed control of affairs in Germany, it was a foregone conclusion that the church would be disestablished. And now without wavering, and yet without undue haste, the National Assembly has brought the thing

to pass. It is an event of immense significance. There is need that some of the Christians of America, as well as some of those of Great Britain and France, be warned not to minimize the victory that God has wrought. For is not the liberation of the German people a greater victory than the overwhelming of German arms? And is not the emancipation of the church in Germany one of the most glorious aspects of the emancipation of the German people?

Even before the outbreak of the war the movement toward church disestablishment had grown to very significant proportions. In the earlier period of the war, however—the period in which Germany's hopes of victory ran high—the thought of a separation between church and state seemed quite submerged. Toward the close of the war the altered situation brought back the thought of disestablishment with an irresistible force. The state of mind that widely prevailed is reflected—to take a single instance—in the fact that only a few days before the signing of the armistice, the Lutheran Conference for the Altmark, meeting in Salzwedel, took as the chief subject for the discussion the theme: "What must we do in order to be prepared for the coming separation between church and state?"

There was a great stir in church circles when the leaders of the new republic issued a manifesto in which, among other matters, the separation between church and state was made a prominent feature of their program. On November 18 in Berlin a goodly number of the clergy organized a Pfarrerrat (Council of the Clergy). At the same time Pastor Gay in Chemnitz and Professor Rade in Marburg issued a call addressed to the Protestants of the land: "We are in the act of forming a (local) National Church Council. Will not others in many places form such councils and enter into communication with us?" As Rade, the well-known editor of the *Christliche Welt*, is an able organizer and a man of great influence in certain circles, he is sure to be an important factor in shaping the policy of the church in the new era. His immediate purpose was simply to help to form a preliminary organization that should be representative of all interested Protestant Christians. There was no intention of prejudicing questions of permanent organization and policy. Another proposal, however, goes at once to the bottom of the whole question as to the character of the new church. Karl Heim and Otto Schmitz, professors in the new Protestant theological faculty at Münster, call for the forming of "a free evangelical national church" (*Volkskirche*—the term can be translated, "people's church"; it is to be a *free* national church, in no way dependent upon the authority of the state), which should unite upon "the primitive Christian confession: 'Jesus is Lord.'" On this basis, they hold, Lutherans, Reformed, adherents of the union (of Lutherans and Reformed in Prussia), adherents of the "Fellowship Movement," and the so-called sects might get together. This call was issued December 15, 1918, and it has made a marked impression. This effect is due in part to the largeness and boldness of the plan, but also to the very extensive confidence that Karl Heim enjoys. For he is not only a theologian of exceptional force and

originality, but also a very marked leader along more practical lines. Our space will not permit us to notice the many other proposals and organizing movements until we come to the great culminating National Protestant Church Diet (*Kirchentag*) in Dresden. It is, however, necessary that we bring to the attention of our readers some of the problems which the disestablished church was facing.

Germany had, until the fall of the monarchy, a national church, whose unity subsisted only by the force of political organization. The strife of the parties and "Richtungen" was nothing less than a scandal, so that the name "National Church" was almost a mockery. The situation is frankly met in an article by Dr. Blau (former general superintendent in Posen, which, by the way, is no longer a part of Germany). Dr. Blau called attention in the first place to the want in Germany of a generally satisfactory concept of the church. For it is only a fiction to speak of the church of Germany, as we find it a "communion on the basis of a confession of faith" (*Bekennnissgemeinschaft*), since there are millions of baptized persons who are indifferent to the church's creed or even opposed to it. There is not even an "association on the basis of a common way of thinking" (*Gesinnungsgenossenschaft*). The various tendencies have hitherto been housed together, but there has been no peace in the household. Here as everywhere politics makes strange bedfellows. What was to happen when the artificial bond should be definitively loosened? Must not the church inevitably fall to pieces? Blau seriously raised the question, whether it were not best that each group should build for itself. He takes the position, however, that everything should be done that can be done to avoid a needless disintegration. He would conserve the unity that really exists. This can be accomplished only by the local organization of all that want to abide by the church. In a later article Blau recommends the appointment of bishops for dioceses. To this many agree. Some, however, are strongly opposed to the episcopal organization, largely on the ground that it would tend to a restriction of Christian liberty, somewhat after the manner of that seen in Catholicism.

Not without serious misgivings and yet with a large hope the Protestants of Germany, in so far as they represented the old state churches, prepared for a great church diet. This was held in Dresden. While it was designed primarily to represent the body of Christians formerly in communion with the state churches, other Protestant communions were not altogether excluded. To this diet the Methodists of Germany sent their greetings, which the assembly received "with applause"—a really significant and memorable thing. Of course the opposing tendencies in the religious thought of the age were more or less in evidence in the diet, and yet the measure of understanding and harmony far exceeded anything that could have been dreamed of before the war. The details of the work of the diet shall receive due attention in a later issue of the *Review*; at present we only note that the problems to be solved by the Free Church of Germany have been faced with much courage and faith and with no little tact.

The seriousness of the problems of the new Free Church we can scarcely comprehend. Of genuine self-government, government from within, the state churches knew next to nothing. And now the former adherents of these churches are all at once forced to accomplish a most complex task without having learned how. This, too, in a time of profound economic distress. How shall pastors be chosen? How shall they be ordained? What shall be the confessional basis of the whole organization? What about the liturgical formulae? What shall be done in the matter of the religious instruction of the young in the schools? What about theology in the universities? Or what substitute shall be proposed for the old system of theological study? These are some of the many problems that cry for solution. Incidentally, it should be remarked that some aspects of the problem are not yet acute; for instance, it is not the policy of the government to dispossess the incumbents of professorial chairs and others in analogous situations. This considerateness lessens the shock; still, the complete separation of church and state will doubtless be consistently carried out in time.

The formal and economic readjustments required by the new era will prove difficult enough, but it is probable that the inner readjustments, in the people's way of thinking, will be even more so. The terrible truth is that a very large portion of the clergy and of the religiously disposed laity of Germany had been assiduously schooled to think in the terms of German imperialism. In the minds of multitudes of such men it seemed eminently Christian to uphold junkerdom, imperialism and autocracy, but sympathy with the tendencies of social democracy was held to be utterly incompatible with Christianity. Doubtless the main tendencies of social democracy have been foreign to Christianity—but what of the Christianity of the Prussian system? Manifestly many of the German preachers have a lot to unlearn. On the other hand, there have been some who have not bowed the knee to Baal. And now multitudes of well-meaning but hitherto infatuated men are "finding themselves." For example, Professor Rendtorff of Leipzig writes very wholesomely on "The New Form of Preaching" for the new era (*Neue Kirchliche Zeitschrift*, June, 1919). And Hilbert's thesis, that the German church must undertake a systematic re-evangelization of the people, which met much contradiction when it was first put forth in the midst of the war, is now widely regarded as quite sound.

It is gratifying that our own church is now fairly in the way of solving our part of the problem of evangelical Christianity in Germany. We are realizing that the war is over; we know that the Germans themselves recognize their complete defeat. We can never thank God enough for the general outcome of the war. But it were possible to throw away the best part of our victory by fancying that the triumph of arms is the real victory. The war will have been fully won when real peace shall have been given—and peace is the gift of God, a fruit of the Spirit. Doubtless God has most gracious purposes respecting Germany: that she may deeply and truly repent and turn again to the sincere gospel and walk in the light of God. And on our part we are to be ready to extend

the hand of fellowship and of help wherever we can find the marks of Christian faith. We shall do well to take the fullest cognizance of the fact that not a few voices have been raised in contrite confession of guilt. We wish there were far more such voices, but we must be thankful to God for as many as there are. Dr. Charles S. Macfarland did well to give wide publicity to the significant statement of the German representatives at an international conference of Christian leaders, especially in missionary activities, held some time ago in Switzerland. In answer to the formal inquiry of some of the members of the conference, the German members made, by the mouth of Dr. Spiecker of Berlin, the frank and unequivocal statement that they acknowledged that in violating the neutrality of Belgium Germany committed not only a technical but also a moral wrong. To be sure, there are many, very many, that continue as brazenly unrepentant as ever. But with us, as Christians, the question is not merely what evil there may be to abhor, but also and chiefly what good there is to acknowledge and encourage. It must be gratifying that we have so competent and eminently Christian a body of men acting as a special commission on the religious situation in Germany and our duty in relation to it. There can be no thought of any true American and lover of liberty abating one jot or tittle of his faith in the cause for which we fought; if we had not fought thus we should have lost our soul. But having been led by God to a sublime victory, let us not forfeit that further and higher victory of seeing a renewed Germany rise in true liberty and obedience to the gospel. But as Christians we shall not—no matter how far we once yielded to a bitter pessimism regarding the future of Germany—as Christians we shall not renounce the higher victory that is within our reach, we shall not regard even Germany as a *massa perditionis*. It is a cause for humble thanksgiving to God that our church, along with others, begins to hear clearly the call of God to help the Christian forces of our former enemy. Doubtless the next General Conference will hear such reports and discussions as will wonderfully illuminate the situation and show us more clearly what we can and ought to do.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Leaves in the Wind. By ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH. Crown 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.50 net.

AN original *nom de plume*, Alpha of the Plough, the author uses to conceal his identity: it begins on the level of the Greek alphabet and runs into the ground. A rustic in an academic gown between the plow handles, his rusticity more romantic than realistic, his furrows glittering with drops of dew or bits of broken crystal, or now and then a gem. The book does not pretend to be what it is not, nor the author think of himself more highly than

he ought to think. Leaves in the wind are all aflutter and awhisper and arustle in this breezy volume of essayettes. How many of us did "Alpha of the Plough" expect to mislead or puzzle by his pseudonym, we wonder? His disguise is futile. Does he suppose we do not know the voice of E. V. Lucas when we hear it, or his handwriting when we see it? Our first sample shall be this Englishman's essay "On the American Soldier." "I hope the young American soldier, with whom we are becoming so familiar in the street, the tube, and the omnibus, has found us as agreeable as we have found him. We were not quite sure whether we should like him, but the verdict is very decisively in the affirmative. It has been my fortune to know many Americans in the past, but they were for the most part selected Americans, elderly persons, statesmen, writers, diplomatists, journalists, and so on. Not having been in America, I had not realized what the plain, average citizen, especially the young citizen, was like. Now he is here walking our streets and rubbing shoulders with us in sufficient numbers for a general impression to be taken. It is a pleasant impression. I like the air of plenty that he carries with him, the well-nourished body, the sense of ease with himself and the world, the fund of good nature that he seems to have at command, the frankness of bearing, and, what was least expected, the touch of self-conscious modesty that is rarely absent. If I may say so without offending him, he seems extraordinarily English. Physically he is rather bulkier than the average English youth, and his accent distinguishes him; but these differences only serve to sharpen the impression that he is one of ourselves who has been away somewhere—in a civilized land, where the larder is full, the schools plenty, and the family life homely and cordial. It is very rare that you see what you would call a foreign face in the uniform. This is singular in view of the mighty stream of immigration from Continental countries that has been flowing for three-quarters of a century into the melting pot of the United States; but I do not think the fact can be doubted. The blood is more mixed than ours, but the main current is emphatically British. Perhaps the difference that is observable could be expressed by saying that the American is not so much reminiscent of ourselves as of our forbears. He suggests a former generation rather than this. We have grown sophisticated, urban, and cynical; he still has the note of the country and of the older fashions that persist in the country. Lowell long ago pointed out that many of the phrases which we regarded as American slang were good old East Anglian words which had been taken out by the early settlers in New England, and persisted there after they had been forgotten by us. And in the same way the moral tone of the American to-day is like an echo from our past. He preserves the fervor for ideals which we seem to have lost. There is something of the revivalist in him, something elemental and primitive that responds to a moral appeal. It is this abiding strain of English Puritanism which is responsible for the tidal wave of temperance that has swept the United States. Already nearly half the States have gone 'bone dry,' and it is calculated that, perhaps in two years, certainly in five, with the present temper in

being, the whole of the Union will have banished the liquor traffic. A moral phenomenon of this sort might have been possible in the England of two or three generations ago; it is unthinkable in the moral atmosphere of to-day. The industrial machine has dried up the spring of moral enthusiasm. It will only return by a new way of life. Perhaps the new way of life is beginning in the allotment movement which is restoring to us the primal sanities of nature. We may find salvation in digging. It is sometimes said that the American is crude. It would be truer to say that he is young. He has not suffered the disenchantment of an old and thoroughly exploited society. We have the qualities of a middle-aged people who have lost our visions and are rather ashamed to be reminded that we ever had any. But a youthful ardor and buoyancy is the note of the American. He may think too much in the terms of dollars, but he has freshness and vitality, faith in himself, a boyish belief in his future, and a boyish zest in living. His good temper is inexhaustible, and he has the easy-going manner of one who has plenty of time and plenty of elbow room in the world. For, contrary to the common conception of him as a hurrying, bustling, get-on-or-get-out young man, he is leisurely both in speech and action, cool and unworried, equable of mood, little subject to the extremes of emotion, bearing himself with a solid deliberateness that suggests confidence in himself and inspires confidence in him. You feel that he will neither surprise you nor let you down. Not the least noticeable of his qualities is his accessibility. The common language, of course, is a great help, and the common traditions also. You are rarely quite at home with a man who thinks in another language than your own. The Tower of Babel was a great misfortune for humanity. But it is not these things which give the American his quality of immediate and easy intercourse. There is no ice to break before you get at him. There is no baffling atmosphere of doubt and hesitancy to get through; no fencing necessary to find out on what social footing you are to stand. You are on him at once—or rather he is on you. He comes out into the open, without reserves of manner, and talks 'right ahead' with the candor and ease of a man who is at home in the world and at home with you. He is free alike from intellectual priggishness and social aloofness. He is just a plain man talking to a plain man on equal terms. It is the manner of the New World and of a democratic society in which the Chief of the State is plain Mr. President, who may be the ruler of a continent this year and may go back to his business as a private citizen next year. It is illustrated by the tribute which Frederick Douglass, the negro preacher, paid to Lincoln. 'He treated me as a man,' said Douglass after his visit to the President. 'He did not let me feel for a moment that there was any difference in the color of our skins.' It is a fine testimony, but I do not suppose that Lincoln had to make any effort to achieve such a triumph of good manners. He treated Douglass as a man and an equal because he *was* a man and an equal, and because the difference in the color of their skins had no more to do with their essential relationship than the

difference in the color of their ties or the shape of their boots. The directness and naturalness of the American is the most enviable of his traits. It gives the sense of a man who is born free—free from the irritating restraints, embarrassments, and artificialities of a society in which social caste and feudal considerations prevail as they still prevail in most European countries. Perhaps Germany is the most flagrant example. It used to be said by Goethe that there were twenty-seven different social castes in Germany and that none of them would speak to the caste below. And Mr. Gerard's description of the Rat system suggests that the stratification of society has increased rather than diminished since the days of Goethe. The disease is not so bad in this country; but we cannot pretend that we have the pure milk of democracy. No people which tolerates titles, and so deliberately sets up social discriminations in its midst and false idols for its worship, can hope for the free, unobstructed intercourse of a real democracy like that of America. It was said long ago by Daniel O'Connell that 'the Englishman has all the qualities of a poker except its occasional warmth.' It is a caricature, of course, but there is truth in it. We are icy because we are uncertain about each other—not about each other as human beings, but about each other's social status. We have got the spirit of feudalism still in our bones, and our public school system, our titles, and our established church system all tend to keep it alive, all work to cut up society into social orders which are the negation of democracy. And as if we had not enough of the abomination, we are imitating the German Rat system with the grotesque O.B.E. We shall get stiffer than ever under this rain of sham jewelry, and shall not be fit to speak to our American friends. But we shall still be able to admire and envy the fine freedom and human friendliness which is the conspicuous gift of these stalwart young fellows who walk our streets in their flatbrimmed hats. Perhaps when the account of the war is made up we shall find that the biggest credit entry of all is this fact that they did walk our streets as comrades of our own sons. For over a century we two peoples, talking the same language and cherishing the same traditions of liberty, have walked on opposite sides of the way, remembering old grudges, forgetting our common heritage, forgetting even that we gave the world its first and its grandest lead in peace by proclaiming the disarmament of the Canadian-United States frontier. Now the grudges are forgotten and we have found a reconciliation that will never again be broken and that will be the corner stone of the new world order that is taking shape in the furnace of these days." * * * The next is on "The Duel that Failed." "I think," said my friend, "that the war will end when the Germans know they are beaten. No, that is not quite so banal a prophecy as it seems. Wars do not always end with the knowledge of defeat. They only end with the admission of defeat, which is quite another thing. The Civil War dragged on for a year after the South knew that they were beaten. All that bloodshed in the Wilderness was suffered in the teeth of the incontrovertible fact that it was in vain. But the man or the nation which

adopts the philosophy of the bully does not fight when the certainty of victory has changed into the certainty of defeat. I have never known a bully who was not a coward when his back was to the wall. The French are at their best in the hour of defeat. There was nothing so wonderful in the story of Napoleon as that astonishing campaign of 1814, and even in 1870-71 it was the courage of France when all was lost that was the most heroic phase of the war. But the bully collapses when the stimulus of victory has deserted him. Let me tell you a story. In 1883, having graduated at Dublin, I went to Heidelberg—*alt Heidelberg du feine*. You know that jolly city, and the students who swagger along the street, their faces seamed with the scars of old sword cuts. I was one of a group of young fellows from different countries who were studying at the University, and who fraternized in a strange land. It was about the time when the safety bicycle was introduced in England, and one of our group, a young Polish nobleman who had a great passion for English things, got a machine sent over to him from London. If not the first, it was certainly one of the first machines of the kind that had appeared in Heidelberg. You may remember how strange it seemed even to the English public when it first came out. We had got accustomed to the old high bicycle, and the 'Safety' looked ridiculous and babyish by comparison. Well, in Heidelberg the appearance of the young Pole on his 'Safety' created something like a sensation. The sports of the 'Englander' were held in contempt by the students, and this absurd toy was the last straw. It was the very symbol of the childishness of a nation given over to the sport of babes. One day the Pole was riding out on his bicycle when he passed a couple of students, who shouted opprobrious epithets at the 'Englander' and his preposterous vehicle. The Pole turned round, flung some verbal change back at them, and rode on his way. That evening as he sat in his room he heard steps ascending the stairs, and there entered two students clothed in all the formality of grave business. They had brought the Pole a challenge to a duel from each of the two young fellows with whom he had exchanged words on the road. The challenges were couched in the most ruthless terms. This was to be no mere nominal satisfaction of honor. It was to be a duel without guards or any of those restrictions that are common in such affairs. The weapon was the sword, and the time-limit eight days. The seconds having fulfilled their errand went away, leaving the Pole in no cheerful frame of mind. He was only a very indifferent swordsman, and had never cultivated the sport of dueling. Now suddenly he was faced with the necessity of fighting a duel in which he would certainly be beaten, and might be killed, for he understood the intentions of the challengers. It was clearly not possible for him to acquire in a week such expertness with the sword as would give him a chance of victory. In this emergency he came along to the little group of which I have spoken. We were playing cards when he entered, but stopped when we saw that something unusual had happened. He told us the story of the bicycle ride and the sequel. What was he to do?

He must fight, of course, but how was he to get a dog's chance? Now the oldest of our group, and by far the most worldly wise, was an American. He listened to the Pole and agreed that there was no time for him to become sufficiently expert with the sword. 'But can you shoot?' he asked the Pole. Yes, he was not a bad shot. The American took up a card and held it up. 'Could you, standing where you are, hit that with a revolver?' 'I am not sure that I could hit it,' answered the Pole, 'but I should come very near it.' 'That's all right,' said the American. 'Now to business. These fellows have forgotten something. They're so used to fighting with the sword that they've forgotten there's such a thing as the revolver. And they're trying to bluff you into their own terms. They've forgotten, or don't choose to remember, that, as the challenged party, you have choice of weapons. Now we'll draw up an answer to this letter, accepting the challenge, claiming the choice of weapons, choosing the revolver, and putting the conditions as stiff as we can make 'em.' So we sat around the American and composed the reply. And I can assure you it had a very ugly look. The Pole signed it with great delight, and the American and I as seconds delivered it. Then we waited. One day passed without an answer—two, three, four, five, six. Still no answer. We were enjoying ourselves. On the evening of the seventh day the seconds reappeared at the Pole's rooms. They brought no acceptance of his challenge, but an impudent demand for the original conditions. The Pole came along to us with the news. 'That's all right,' said the American. 'We've got them on the run. Now to clinch the business.' And once more we sat around in great glee to draft the reply. It was as hot as we knew how to make it. It breathed death in every syllable, and it gave the Germans eight days to prepare for the end at the muzzle of the revolver. Again we waited, and again the days passed without a sign. Then on the eve of the eighth day the seconds once more appeared. I was present with the Pole at the time. I have never seen a more forlorn pair than those seconds made as they entered. Their principals, driven into a corner, faced with the alternative of fighting with weapons which did not assure them victory or of accepting the humiliation of running away, had decided to run away. They would not fight on the conditions offered by the Pole, and the seconds were a spectacle of humiliation. Their apologies to us struggled with their indignation at their principals and they went away a chastened spectacle. That night we had a gay gathering with the American in the chair, and I think the incident must have got wind abroad, for thenceforward the Pole rode his 'Safety' in peace and in triumph. . . . You may think that story is a trifle. Well, it is. But I think it has some bearing on the end of the war." * * * And the next, "On a Smile in a Shaving Glass": "As I looked into the shaving glass in the privacy of the bathroom this morning, I noticed that there was a very pronounced smile on my face. I was surprised. Not that I am a smileless person in ordinary: on the contrary, I fancy I have an average measure of mirthfulness—a little patchy perhaps, but enough in

quantity if unequal in distribution. But I have not been hilarious for a week past. There is not much to be hilarious about in these anxious days when the tide of war is sweeping back over the hills and valleys of the Somme and every hour comes burdened with dark tidings. I find the light-hearted person a trial, and gaiety an offense, like a foolish snigger breaking in on the mad agony of Lear. Why, then, this smiling face in the glass? Only last night, coming up on the top of the late bus, I was irritated by the good humor of a fat man who came and sat in front of me. He looked up at the brilliant moonlit sky and round at the passengers, and then began humming to himself as though he was full of good news and cheerfulness. When he was tired of humming he began whistling, and his whistling was more intolerable than his humming, for it was noisier. Hang the fellow, thought I, what is he humming and whistling about? This moon that is touching the London streets with beauty—what scenes of horror and carnage it looks down on only a few score smiles away! What nameless heroisms are being done for us as we sit under the quiet stars in security and ease! What mighty issues are in the balance. . . . And this fellow hums and whistles as though he had had no end of a good day. Perhaps he is a profiteer. Anyhow, I was relieved when he went down the stairs, and his vacuous whistling died on the air. . . . Yet this face in the glass looked as though it could hum or whistle quite as readily as that fat man whom I judged so harshly last night. It was certainly not the sunny morning that was responsible. The beauty of these wonderful days would, in ordinary circumstances, charge my spirits to the brim, but now I wake to them with a feeling of resentment. They are like a satire on our tragedy—like marriage garments robbing the skeleton of death. Moreover, they are a practical as well as a spiritual grievance. They are the ally of the enemy. They have come when he needed them, just as they deserted us last autumn when we needed them, and when day after day our gallant men floundered to the attack in Flanders through seas of mud. No, most Imperial Sun, I cannot welcome you. I would you would hide your face from the tortured earth, and leave the rough elements to deal out even justice between the disputants in this great argument. . . . No, this smile cannot be for you. And it is not wholly a tribute to the letter that has just come from that stalwart boy of nineteen, boy of the honest, open face and the frequent, hearty laugh, stopped on the eve of his first leave and plunged into this hell of death. Dated Saturday. All well up to Saturday. The first two terrible days survived. Those who love him can breathe more freely. But though that was perhaps the foundation, it did not explain the smile. Ah, I had got it. It was that paragraph I had read in the newspaper recording the Kaiser's message to his wife on the victory of his armies, and concluding its flamboyant braying with the familiar blasphemy, 'God is with us.' I find that when I am cheerless a message from the Kaiser always provides a tonic, and that his patronage of the Almighty gives me confidence. This crude, humorless vanity cannot be destined to win the

world. It cannot be that humanity is to suffer so grotesque a jest as to fall under the heel of this inflated buffoon and of the system of which he is the symbol. I know that other warriors have claimed the Almighty and have justified the claim—have won even in virtue of the claim. Mohammedanism swept the Christian world before it to the cry of 'Allah-il-Allah,' and to Cromwell the presence of the Lord of Hosts at his side was as real as the presence of Jehovah was to the warriors of Israel. Stonewall Jackson was all the more terrible for the grim, fanatical faith that burned in him from the days of his conversion in Mexico, and, though Lincoln had no formal creed, the sense of divine purpose was always present to him, and no one used the name of the Almighty in great moments with more sincere and impressive beauty. You have only to turn to Lincoln or Cromwell to feel the vast gulf between their piety and this vulgar impiety. And the reason is simple. They believed in the spiritual governance of human life. Cromwell may have been mistaken in his conception of God, but it was a God of the spirit whom he served and whose unworthy instrument he was in achieving the spiritual redemption of men. The material victory was nothing to him except as a means of accomplishing the emancipation of the soul of man, of which political liberty was only the elementary expression. But the Kaiser's conception of God is a denial of everything that is spiritual and humane. He talks of his God as if he were a brigand chief, or an image of blood and iron wrought in his own likeness, a family deity, a sort of sleeping partner of the firm of Hohenzollern, to be left snoring when villainy is afoot and nudged into wakefulness to adorn a triumph. It is the negation of the God of the spirit. It is the God of brute force, of violence and terror, tramping on the garden of the soul in man. It is the God of materialism at war with all that is spiritual. In a word, this thing that the Kaiser calls God is not God at all. It is the Devil. On this question of the partisanship of the Almighty in regard to our human quarrels, the best attitude is silence. Lincoln, with his unfailing wisdom, set the subject in its right relationship when a lady asked him for the assurance that God was on their side. 'The important thing,' he said, 'is not whether God is on our side, but whether we are on the side of God.' This attitude will save us from blasphemous arrogance and from a good deal of perplexity. For when we claim that God is our champion and is fighting exclusively for us we get into difficulties. We have only finite tests to apply to an infinite purpose, and by those tests neither the loyalty nor the omnipotence of the Almighty will be sustained. And what will you do then? Will you, when things go wrong, ask with the poet,

'Is he deaf and blind, our God? . . . Is he indeed at all?'

The Greeks got out of the dilemma by having many deities who took the most intimate share in human quarrels, but adopted opposite sides. They could do much for their earthly clients, but their efforts were neutralized by the power of the gods briefed on the other side. Vul-

can could forge an impenetrable shield for Achilles, and Juno could warn him, through the mouth of his horse Xanthus, of his approaching doom, but neither could save him. This guess at the spiritual world supplied a crude working explanation of the queer contrariness of things on the human plane, but it left the gods pale and ineffectual shadows of the mind. We have lost this ingenuous explanation of the strange drama of our life. We do not know what powers encompass us about, or in what vast rhythm the tumultuous surges and wild discords of our being are engulfed. No voice comes from the void and no portents are in the sky. The stars are infinitely aloof and the face of nature offers us neither comfort nor revelation. But within us we feel the impulse of the human spirit, seeking the free air, turning to the light of beautiful and reasonable things as the flower turns to the face of the sun. And in that impulse we find the echo to whatever far-off, divine strain we move. We cannot doubt its validity. It is the authentic, indestructible note of humanity. We may falter in the measure, stumble in our steps, get bewildered amid the complexity of intractable and unintelligible things. But the spiritual movement goes on, like the Pilgrims' Chorus fighting its way through the torrent of the world. It may be submerged to-day, to-morrow, for generations; but in the end it wins—in the end the moral law prevails over the law of the jungle. The stream of tendency has many turnings, but it makes for righteousness and saps ceaselessly the foundations of the god of violence. It is to that god of harsh, material things that the Kaiser appeals against the eternal strivings of man toward the divine prerogative of freedom. Like the false prophets of old, he leaps on his altar, gashes himself with knives till the blood pours out and cries, 'O, Baal, hear us.' And it is because Baal is an idol of wood and stone in a world subject to the governance of the spirit that, even in the darkest hour of the war, we need not lose faith. That, I think, is the meaning of the smile I caught in the shaving glass this morning." * * * The Kaiser's "good old German Gott," whose aid he invoked for his ferocious assault on his neighbors—the civilized world—is recognizable as Odin, the chief god of the Northern pantheon, the worship of whom prevailed among Teutonic peoples, especially in military circles, among princely families and the retinue and escort of warriors attached to them. This god armed his favorites with deadliest weapons, and prisoners taken in battle were slain as sacrifices to him. At the distance of many centuries, Odin's features look decidedly Hohenzollern. Our author had a dream in which he saw this bloodthirsty god in old age. "I had a strange dream last night. Like most dreams, it was a sort of wild comment on the thought that had possessed me in my waking hours. We had been talking of the darkness of these times, how we walked from day to day into a future that stalked before us like a wall of impenetrable night that we could almost touch and yet never could overtake, how all the prophets (including ourselves) had been out, and how all the prophecies of the wise proved to be as worthless as the guesses of the foolish. Ah, if we could only get behind this grim

mask of the present and see the future stretching before us ten years, twenty years, fifty years hence, what would we give? What a strange, ironic light would be shed upon this writhing, surging, blood-stained Europe. With what a shock we should discover the meaning of the terror. But the Moving Finger writes on with inscrutable secrecy. We cannot wipe out a syllable that it has written; we cannot tell a syllable that it will write. . . . You deserved bad dreams, you will say, if you talked like this. . . . When I awoke (in my sleep) I seemed like some strange reminiscence of myself, like an echo that had gone on reverberating down countless centuries. It was as if I had lived from the beginning of Time, and now stood far beyond the confines of Time. I was alone in the world. I forded rivers and climbed mountains and traversed endless plains; I came upon the ruins of vast cities, great embankments that seemed once to have been railways, fragments of arches that had once sustained great bridges, dockyards where the skeletons of mighty ships lay rotting in garments of seaweed and slime. I seemed, with the magic of dreams, to see the whole earth stretched out before me like a map. I traced the course of the coast lines, saw how strangely altered they were, and with invisible power passed breathlessly from continent to continent, from desolation to desolation. Again and again I cried out in the agony of an unspeakable loneliness, but my cry only startled a solitude that was infinite. Time seemed to have no meaning in this appalling vacancy. I did not live hours or days, but centuries, æons, eternities. Only on the mountains and in the deserts did I see anything that recalled the world I had known in the immeasurable backward of time. Standing on the snowy ridge of the Finsteraarjoch, I saw the pink of the dawn still flushing the summits of the Southern Alps, and in the desert I came upon the Pyramids and the Sphinx. And it was by the Sphinx that I saw The Man. He seemed stricken with unthinkable years. His gums were toothless, his eyes bleared, his figure shrunken to a pitiful tenuity. He sat at the foot of the Sphinx, fondling a sword, and as he fondled it he mumbled to himself in an infantile treble. As I approached he peered at me through his dim eyes, and to my question as to who he was he replied in thin, queasy voice: 'I am Odin—heel! heel! I possess the earth, the whole earth . . . I and my sword . . . we own it all . . . we and the Sphinx . . . we own it all. . . . All . . . heel! heel! . . . ' And he turned and began to fondle his sword again. 'But where are the others? What happened to them?' 'Gone . . . heel! heel! . . . All gone. . . . It took thousands of years to do it, but they've all gone. It never would have been done if man hadn't become civilized. For centuries and centuries men tried to kill themselves off with bows and arrows, and spears, and catapults, but they couldn't do it. Then they invented gunpowder, but that was no better. The victory really began when man became civilized and discovered modern science. He learned to fly in the air and sail under water, and move mountains and make lightnings, and turn the iron of the hills into great ships and the coal beneath the earth into incredi-

ble forms of heat and power. And all the time he went on saying what a good world he was making . . . hee! hee! Such a wonderful Machine. . . . Such a peaceful Machine . . . hee! hee! . . . Age of Reason, he said. . . . Age of universal peace and brotherhood setting in, he said. . . . Hee! hee! . . . We have been seeking God for thousands of years, he said, and now we have found him. We have made him ourselves—out of our own heads. We got tired of looking for him in the soul. Now we have found him in the laboratory. We have made him out of all the energies of the earth. Great is our God of the Machine. Honor, blessing, glory, power—power over things. Power! Power! Power! His voice rose to a senile shriek. 'And all the time . . . hee, hee! . . . all the time he was making the Machine for me—me, Odin, me and my servants, the despots, the kings, the tyrants, the dictators, the enemies of men. I laughed . . . hee, hee! . . . I laughed as I saw his Machine growing vaster and vaster for the day of his doom, growing beyond his own comprehension, making him more and more the slave of itself, the fly on its gigantic wheel. What a willing servant is this Power we have made, he said. What a friend of Man. How wonderful we are to have created this Machine of Benevolence. . . . And it was mine . . . hee, hee! . . . Mine. And when it was complete I handed it over to my servants. And the Machine of Benevolence became the Monster of Destruction. First one tyrant seized it and fell; then another and he fell. This white race got the Machine for a season, then another white race got it; then the yellow race. And they all perished . . . hee, hee! . . . They all perished. . . . And with every victory the Machine grew more deadly. All the gifts of the earth and all the labor of men went to feed its mighty hunger. It devoured its creators by thousands, by millions, by nations. It slew, it poisoned, it burned, it starved. The whole earth became a desolation. . . . And now I own it all . . . hee, hee! . . . I and my sword. We own it all. . . . We and the Sphinx.' His voice, which had grown strong with excitement, sank back to its infantile treble. 'And what was the meaning of it all?' I asked. 'And what will you do with your victory?' 'The meaning . . . the meaning . . . I don't know. . . . I've come to ask the Sphinx. I've sat here waiting for years, centuries . . . oh, so long. But she says nothing—only looks out over the desert with that terrible calm, as though she knew the riddle but would never tell it. . . . Sometimes I think she is going to speak. . . . Look . . . look now. . . . Aren't her lips . . .' His thin voice rose to a tremulous cry. The sword shook in his palsied hands. His rheumy eyes looked up at the image with a senile frenzy. I looked up, too. . . . Yes, surely the lips were moving. They were about to open. I should hear at last the reading of the enigma of the strange beings who made a God that slew them. . . . The lips were open now . . . there was a rattling in the throat. . . . But as I waited for the words that were struggling into utterance there came a sudden wind, hot and blinding and thick with the dust of the desert. It blotted out the sun and darkened the vision of things. The Sphinx vanished in the

swirling folds of the storm, the figure of the man faded into the general gloom, and I was left alone in the midst of nothingness." . . . Nothing could be more suitable to follow Lucas's dream of Odin in old age than Edwin Markham's dream of Semiramis, the warrior goddess queen of Babylon and Assyria, in his verses "A Look Into the Gulf," the one poem of his which he and we like best.

"I looked one night and there Semiramis,
With all her mourning doves about her head,
Sat rocking on an ancient road to Hell,
Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon
Snatches of song they sang to her of old
Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.
And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh:
'The Bugles. They are crying back again—
Bugles that broke the nights of Babylon,
And then went crying on through Nineveh.

Stand back, ye trembling messengers of ill.
Women, let go my hair: I am the Queen,
A whirlwind and a blaze of swords to quell
Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread
Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers:
Assyria goes by upon the wind.'
And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again—
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead
Her weary lips beat on without a sound."

Freedom and Advance. Discussions of Christian Progress. By OSCAR L. JOSEPH. 12mo, pp. ix+272. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.75 net.

HERE is a volume that is not to be lightly passed by. If anyone is tempted to suppose that the balanced form of the main title contains an affirmation of liberalism, let him put away his fears. The author is no free-thinker except in the best meaning of the term. If free-thinking be the same as intellectual candor, mental clearness and vigor, with a trenchant purpose of the will to know the truth—all this indeed one finds in this volume. Yet somehow the reader does not find himself thinking much about theological positions, whether *pro* or *con*, conservative or liberal. The comforting thing about it is that the author is never looking backward. There are no dull pages in it, because there is no dull thinking going on. He is valiant for the faith, nor does he count it in any way disloyal to seek new avenues of approach and to achieve new formulae of interpretation. The historic sense which is a writer's guardian angel, the continuity of Christian thought and Christian institutions to which religious phenomena, when closely considered, bear an irrefutable witness, are the main features of Mr. Joseph's equipment. He does not propose to exchange old lamps for new ones except the latter give more light. The present reviewer lays down the volume with a vivid impression of having read about old subjects, yet with so much of new vigor and freshness, such clearness and force of statement, and withal such genuine interest in things both divine and human, as to leave in

one's mind a fresh deposit of intelligence and feeling. If we were to state the author's purpose in a single sentence it would be like this—to think clearly, devoutly and hopefully on the subjects that are engaging men's minds to-day, and to try to put these subjects in such a way as to make men feel how imperative and necessary they are. His standpoint is well expressed in the Foreword: "We are hearing a great deal in these days about re-construction, but there must first be re-consideration. The foundations must be re-investigated and the character of the material to be used for the structure of Christian character must be carefully examined. Otherwise we may find ourselves in the position of the man in the parable who built on the sand. The Christian Faith furnishes a system of thought and a rule of life, and both are based on a vital Christian experience. Happy the preacher who expounds this Faith in terms of the whole of life. He it is who stands upon his watch tower and clearly sees the course of events with a deepening conviction of the efficiency of the Everlasting Gospel to meet every crisis and condition." Mr. Joseph is at one with the ablest thinkers of our time in believing that spiritual topics are the main topics for able and constructive minds. His always facile pen, shown in his previous five volumes, is also fertile in this, his most important production. He shows a thorough acquaintance with the needs of the ministry and with the best literature which bears upon the satisfaction of those needs. Hence, he has very appropriately dedicated his book to his brethren of the pastorate, who will heartily thank him for the material he places at their disposal. But it is a book not only for preachers but also for every eager spirit that is seeking light for the darkness of our times. And light, not heat, is the prime requisite just now. Preachers have been exhorted into weariness to be ardent, but they have not received the guidance which precedes ardor, and without which their passions, however pure in aim, are in danger of being jettisoned for want of knowledge, and of the wisdom meditated knowledge supplies. The author is happily free from that dull and wall-eyed pessimism which men of little faith so frequently succumb to. Concerning preaching, for example, he is more than ever persuaded of the urgent need of it, but it must be "a type of preaching with the spiritual accent and the note of dynamic assurance." "A sermon is a deliverance not only in the sense that it is delivered, but in the far deeper sense that its purpose is to deliver the hearers from doubt, uncertainty and hesitancy into the clearer light of sober truth and compelling duty." "Preaching is a living voice delivering a living message concerning the living and loving Christ, to a world that has lost its way and knows not how to return to the living God." "The creeds are documents of historical significance, and they reflect the intellectual atmosphere of the times when they were formulated. We treat them with reverence as milestones in the path of Christian progress; but we do not regard them as final decisions, closing the doors for further investigation and achievement or preventing yet larger discoveries of the inexhaustible wealth of divine grace." "The gospel is not the word of aspiration, but the word of reconciliation. Its sublime ideal is a compassionate Saviour, through whom man rises into

union with God and realizes his eternal destiny." "Religion is both real and reasonable. It is a synthesis of the intellectual, the institutional and the mystical factors; and there is true catholicity only when all three are considered in a thoroughgoing appraisal of religious experience. Faith then is an intellectual grasp, a moral apprehension, an emotional seizure, a volitional practice, all of which unitedly result in a spiritual experience." Such happily worded and satisfactory statements of difficult subjects abound in this volume. More than once the reader finds himself ready to pick a quarrel with the author, only to discover a little later that he is himself yielding to the sweet reasonableness of a fair and uncontroversial statement of the subject in hand. Almost every one of the twelve essays takes a very high level of thoughtful discussion. The chapters on "The Christian Ministry" and "Christian Worship" are especially helpful in their tone and care of discrimination. Such topics as liberty, authority, the sacraments, apostolic succession, reunion, Christian education, social Christianity, are dealt with in a way that stimulates both interest and thought. The chapter on "Comparative Religion" opens a large field of spiritual wealth for the helpful ministrations of the preacher. This is further illustrated by the chapter on "The Expansion of Christianity," which expounds with forceful clearness the challenge of Christian missions in view of their signal achievements and imperative needs. "The only message which can satisfy the yearnings of the human spirit is the gospel of Christ, with its liberal offers of pardon, its large openings into progress, its splendid proofs of spiritual and social salvation. No other power has been known to work such wondrous cures. Other efforts have been tried with sincerity of thought and purity of intention, but they have all failed. The attempts of legislation however well meaning, the schemes of education however alluring, the influences of material civilization however gratifying, the programs of nationalism however imposing, are insufficient of themselves. They only skim the surface and touch the fringe of life. They are allies of the Kingdom of God, results of its redemptive ministry, agents for its furtherance. The only master of the soul is Jesus Christ. His call is irresistibly clear to the church to go forward with the message of redemption and relief, to fulfill its mission of building up a broken and discordant world, and to bring all nations into the higher unity of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit." It is indeed a pleasure to ponder the richly suggestive pages of Mr. Joseph's volume, and to note the maturity of his observation and reflection, his simplicity of method and purpose, and his adequacy of expression. When preachers turn from the trite and hackneyed homilies which have subjected doctrinal sermons to some discredit, and inform their pulpit efforts with the vivification, the breadth and the sanity which this volume exemplifies, there will be a rehearing for the truths which never perish. It is a privilege to recommend a book like this to men who are seeking light and stimulus concerning central things for this momentous time in which we are living. It is a rich contribution to the really vital literature of high and earnest minds.

How to Know the Bible. By GEORGE HODGES. 12mo, pp. 353. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

The Story Books of the Early Hebrews. By CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN. 8vo, pp. 352. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, \$1.75.

The Religious Experience of Israel. By WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS. 12mo, pp. viii+519. New York: Association Press. Price, cloth, \$1.90.

THE Bible continues to interest the best scholars of the world and the results of their labors are seen in the books which are published. Dean Hodges was the author of a *Class Book of Old Testament History*, in many ways one of the best popular manuals on the subject. The present volume is the best introduction to the Bible as a whole. It furnishes a clear conception of the vitality and authority of the Bible, and any student who desires to have a constructive estimate of what Biblical scholarship has done will find it in these chapters. History and literature are here united in a discerning way, and the reader gets a better grasp of the writings and their message because they are considered in connection with their historical context. Such questions as inspiration and revelation as affected by criticism are answered with much reassurance, and we are able to appreciate with gratitude the author's conclusions in the last chapter, on "The Library of the Grace of God": "The Bible is a dangerous and dynamic book, radical and revolutionary, essentially democratic, and puts all conservatism in peril. Thus it is an armory for the forces of militant progress. . . . The Bible belongs not only to the literature of revolution but to the literature of defeat. The prophets were persistently and almost unfailingly defeated. . . . But the Bible belongs also to the literature of comfort. The amazing fact which it sets forth is that defeat does not result in disbelief. This 'comfort of the Scriptures' is based in part upon the exaltation of the spiritual over the material side of life. The Bible people, as we accompany them from book to book through their long history, attach less and less importance to their possessions. They discover by experience that they can get along without them. In the New Testament this becomes an accepted standard of living. . . . The Bible is the golden book of noble conduct. Its unfailing message is that to do right is the whole life. The reading of these books will make us sharers of their spirit. Here we will be admitted to the high company not only of saints and heroes but of plain people whose supreme thought is of God, whose lives are lived in the sight of God. And here, especially, the flower of their religion is Jesus Christ, in whom the supreme ideal of the good life is revealed. To attend to his words, and to enter into some measure of his spirit, is to attain salvation, which means the good health of the soul, both in this life and in the life to come." As we follow this writer, we are impressed by his lucid exposition of the benefits imparted by scholarship, in giving us better facilities to appropriate the inexhaustible treasures of Biblical revelation. One who masters this handbook will receive an adequate view of the course of God's grace, mediated through lawyers, judges, prophets, priests, poets, historians, wise men, apostles, who had the forward look and whose visions

assured them of the ultimate and final conquest by God, in the universal enthronement of his righteousness and truth. The volume by Dean Brown of Yale University illustrates how the best results of scholarship could be used for Scripture exposition. He affirms that "the hour cometh and now is when literary and historical criticism will be appraised at its true value—and in my judgment its value is high—but a yet higher place will be reserved for the man whose pure heart gives him spiritual insight, whose competent scholarship is supplemented by a precious discernment of that inner message to the souls of men whose knowledge can rightly divide the word of truth, separating the local from the universal, the passing from the permanent, to the end that the deeper meaning of this ancient literature may make men wise unto salvation and furnish them thoroughly for all good work." In these sentences he unwittingly describes the character of his own volume. It is no small praise that a writer is able to come so near to his own high ideal of what constitutes adequate Biblical exposition in relation to the needs and interests of our own day. Dean Brown's ability as a college preacher may be seen from his recent volume, entitled *Yale Talks*, which were first given from several of our leading university pulpits. Dealing as they do with the essentials of Christian manhood, they will be found intensely suggestive by all preachers to young men and women. The lessons which he draws from the biographical and historical incidents of the Old Testament, based on exact, scholarly insight, with illustrations from every phase of modern life, give unusual value to his other book. The demand for expository preaching can be created, where it does not exist to the disadvantage of the pew, only when preachers follow the high standards set by Dr. Brown. A different sort of exposition is given by Professor Hutchins, although his volume also reckons with the best findings of modern Biblical learning. He takes the reader through the whole Old Testament period and traces the growth of the religious experience of Israel in connection with the history and literature of the nation. The material is divided into fourteen chapters, with subdivisions for daily study, in the style familiar to readers of the Association Press text books. But this arrangement can be discarded by any who desire to study larger portions at a time. Some of the chapter titles suggest the character of their contents. "Freedom and the Foundations of National Life and Faith" deals with the mission of Moses as Liberator, Leader and Legislator. "Conquest and Chaos" is on the period of Joshua and the Judges; "Politics, and Faith Nationalized," on the times of Samuel, Saul and David; "Exilic Hopes and Emphases"; "The Daybreak Calls," on the Maccabean and Hasmonean periods; "Songs of the Centuries," on the book of Psalms. There are many pointed illustrations from the mission field to enforce the truths of the Old Testament. On the reaction during the reign of Manasseh we read: "Few facts are more startling than the persistence of ancient superstitions and of heathen customs. A university man of India may loudly proclaim his agnosticism among his fellow-students, and bow reverently with his family in devotion to the gods of his village. One thinks of China as casting her idols into the river, 'facing the dawn'; but one reads as well of a new

temple to cost \$230,000, nearly twice as much as its predecessor." On another page we read: "A missionary in India says in a somewhat discouraged fashion, 'We often hear about secret Christians in India, but we do not stop to inquire how many secret Hindus there may be'—those who have named the name of Christ, and try to follow him, but yield to the terrific tug of the ancient faith and ritual." Scholars have recovered the Old Testament for us and these three books suggest some of the ways its treasures might be used. Preachers need to breathe the exhilarating atmosphere of the Old Testament and interpret its supreme ideals. They will then avoid what Professor Rogers in his matriculation day address at Drew Theological Seminary described as "a ministry of milk and barley water, of gruel and mush, of sanctified inanities and soft sentimentalities."

A READING COURSE

The Army and Religion. An Enquiry and Its Bearing upon the Religious Life of the Nation. Edited by PROFESSOR DAVID S. CAIRNS. New York: Association Press. Price, \$2.

Religion Among American Men. As Revealed by a Study of Conditions in the Army. Edited by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook. New York: Association Press. Price, \$1.35.

MANY over-sanguine predictions have been made about the inevitable changes that will take place after the war. Several of these utterances are mere platitudes. It is an easy matter to generalize in times of excitement, with limited data, but this sort of random speech only confuses counsel. Facile explanations are really evasions which postpone the day of settlement. Satisfactory conclusions can be reached only after we patiently obtain extensive and exhaustive evidence from first-hand sources. Some of the facts may produce gloom and pessimism but other facts counterbalance such a result. In any case, the situation is a challenge to the church to rise to its new opportunity and bear witness to the great truths of its changeless commission: to win the whole world for God and his Christ. We, therefore, welcome these two volumes of investigation and interpretation. The first volume deals with conditions in the British Army and the second with what was discovered in the American Army. What impresses the reader is the similarity in both instances. The personnel of both the committees of inquiry is a guarantee of the value of their findings. The war was truly an apocalypse, in the sense that it revealed in the hidden depths of the human heart the foundations of the Christian faith and laid bare, in the crisis of conflict, the real nature of the religious life of the nations. The general topics on which information was sought by the British committee were—What the men were thinking about religion, morality and society; what changes were made by the war; the relation of the men to the churches. The American committee has divided its report into three parts—the state of religion as revealed in the

army; the effect of the war on religion in the army; lessons for the church. The importance of these inquiries is in the fact that the armies were not professional but the nations within certain limits in arms. On certain important points the witnesses were divided and the reports were even conflicting, because they looked at opposite sides of the shield. In some instances, the reticence of men to speak about their religious life was misjudged, while at the same time the bearing of the men under the ordeal of war indicated where they stood, even though there was no parade of religious feeling. Some of them who were religious "chucked religion altogether," and showed their misunderstanding of its essence; on the other hand, several embraced religion and, in finding God, found themselves. The testimony of one was that "the soldier has got religion, I am not so sure that he has got Christianity." Another wrote: "The religion of ninety per cent of the men at the front is not distinctively Christian, but a religion of patriotism and valor, tinged with chivalry, and at the best merely colored with sentiment and emotion borrowed from Christianity." The Moslem type of religion was common and the idea prevailed that death in battle for one's country would insure salvation. Not a few confused Christianity with the church and attributed the defects of the latter to Christianity, which they regarded as "an organized system rather than as truths or realities of which Jesus Christ is the center." The idea of religion as intercourse with God was something new. Many were perplexed because they could not reconcile the thought of God with the problem of suffering. These facts have led to the conclusion that the thought of God needs to be Christianized and a presentation of his character given which recognizes "his all-power and all-knowledge, his ever-presence, his unchangeableness, his creative freedom, his moral government of the world, his purpose in the Kingdom of God, his perfect purity and love." Note carefully the evidence on this subject in chapters I and II of *The Army and Religion*, and then turn to the chapter in Part II on "The Vitalizing of Doctrine," which shows how this and the other great truths of religion should be preached with a "new orientation." Compare the evidence relating to the appeal of the personality of Christ with your own pastoral experience. Do our people really reckon with Christ or is he a far-off historical figure? A staff-chaplain wrote: "I think the appeal of Jesus is seriously hindered by the unreality and sentimentality of our traditional presentation. He remains remote until we can show that the ideals of the average man are summed up and perfected in him." We need to recover the heroic side of Christ's character and to bring out "the real glory of his personality by setting it forth in the great context in which alone it can be understood, by showing him as at once the solver and the solution of the problem of evil, the Man who by virtue of his love for men was more awake than any other to the whole tragedy and mystery of human life, who yet showed the most unbounded confidence in God." The bearing of the Incarnation on the Kingdom of God is in "the claim that Christ shall have control over all our social and industrial life." This implies a "translation into practical terms of our faith in his Divinity." One reason why the truths of the Incarnation and the

Atonement have been misunderstood was that they were expressed in technical and theological language, unfamiliar to most people. Another reason was the amazing ignorance of the Bible. It is contended in both reports that the misconceptions of the meaning of Christianity and of church membership demand a greatly increased emphasis on the teaching office of the church. What makes the situation so hopeful is the fact that the men were not anti-Christian but were in an "impenetrable fog." Ignorance is not the same as apostasy. "A quarrel which rests upon a misunderstanding is much more easily healed than one which rests upon antagonism." It is passing strange that with all the resources of the church, the generations of preaching and the activities of the Sunday school, we should have reached an *impasse*. But there are great grounds for hope since a recognition of weakness is a prime condition for readjustment. Read the two chapters on "Social Evangelism" and "The Message of Evangelism" in *The Army and Religion*, and find out how we should adapt our preaching to meet the needs of to-day. Note also what is said about the gospel of the worldwide Kingdom of God and that "the church has never adequately appealed to the heroic in man." Then turn to Part III in *Religion among American Men* and study the practical suggestions concerning church membership, religious education, fundamental teachings, public worship, moral life and standards, responsibility for the community, church unity. The failure of the church was before 1914 in not imparting to the peoples of Christendom the real Christian idea of what they ought to be. The churches were found to be lacking in the spirit of reality and evading the actual difficulties of society; they were lacking in the spirit of love and showed little or no fellowship, with a culpable indifference toward the economic struggles of the people; they were lacking in life and incapable of initiative because cramped by "the red tape of tradition and convention." We cannot deny that "the church, which should have stood for the hope of the whole world and shown the nations how to throw off their misery and sin, seems itself too much to have succumbed to the materialized life of the world around it." These are not captious criticisms, but heart-searching declarations, and should be taken not sceptically but seriously. A great deal is mentioned in both volumes about the "inveterate ecclesiastical differences" which have checked moral and spiritual progress. It is acknowledged that much of the criticism of the church has come from "those who have no real understanding of the truths from which the church draws its life, and who have an almost exclusive interest in legislative changes which they believe will of themselves bring about a happier and better world." On the other hand, we cannot overlook our Lord's test: "by their fruits ye shall know them." We are impressed by the notes of confidence and assurance in both reports. There is timeliness in the contention that the real foe of the church is within: it is the spirit of indifference, which can be removed by "a widening and deepening of the whole outlook and aim of the churches." We must therefore consider the entire situation "from the standpoint not of expediency but of Christian principle," and realize that the supreme task in the leadership of the church is a full interpretation of Christ,

sustained by the illuminated lives of its membership. The church of Christ has by no means outgrown its usefulness. Materialism has been discredited as a theory, but its practice is all-dominating. The forces that emanate from this subtle influence can be effectively counteracted only as the church returns to Jesus Christ and is renewed in its inner life. There must first be spiritual regeneration before there can be social reconstruction. What then is the call to the church? "The hardest and deepest thinking that the churches can put into this matter is essential. The best men will not be put off with any superficial and *ad captandum* treatment. The sooner we realize that the men want thoroughness, reality and candor, the better will it be for all. Perfunctory teaching by men who have never felt the edge of the problem will be of no avail with the men who will really be the leaders of the generation after the war. Men who have seen their comrades dissolved by high explosives will want to know what are the reasons for believing in immortality, and what is their present state. Men who have lived in the shambles and putrefaction of the salient and the trenches at Souchez will want to know how they can remember these things and believe in Almighty Love. They will want to know why prayer in danger gave them such intense relief, and why it seemed so often to be unanswered. They will probably give the churches a chance again in order to see if they have anything vital and comprehensible to say. If they do not get it from professional teachers of religion, they will take their own road once more. We may be quite sure that most of them will not take their faith on mere authority, or be content with superficialities uttered by men who have never either in body or soul suffered along with them, or with them battled for faith in the wild revel of Sin and Death in these awful years."

SIDE READING

What the War Has Taught Us. By CHARLES E. JEFFERSON (Revell, \$1.50). A series of sermons on the great truths of the Christian Faith, enforced by new arguments and illustrations furnished by the experiences of the war.

Home—Then What? The Mind of the Doughboy, A. E. F. (Doran, \$1.50). These informal papers by thirty American soldiers reveal a serious purpose and suggest to the church how high impulses might be crystallized into noble deeds.

For information about books and subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

